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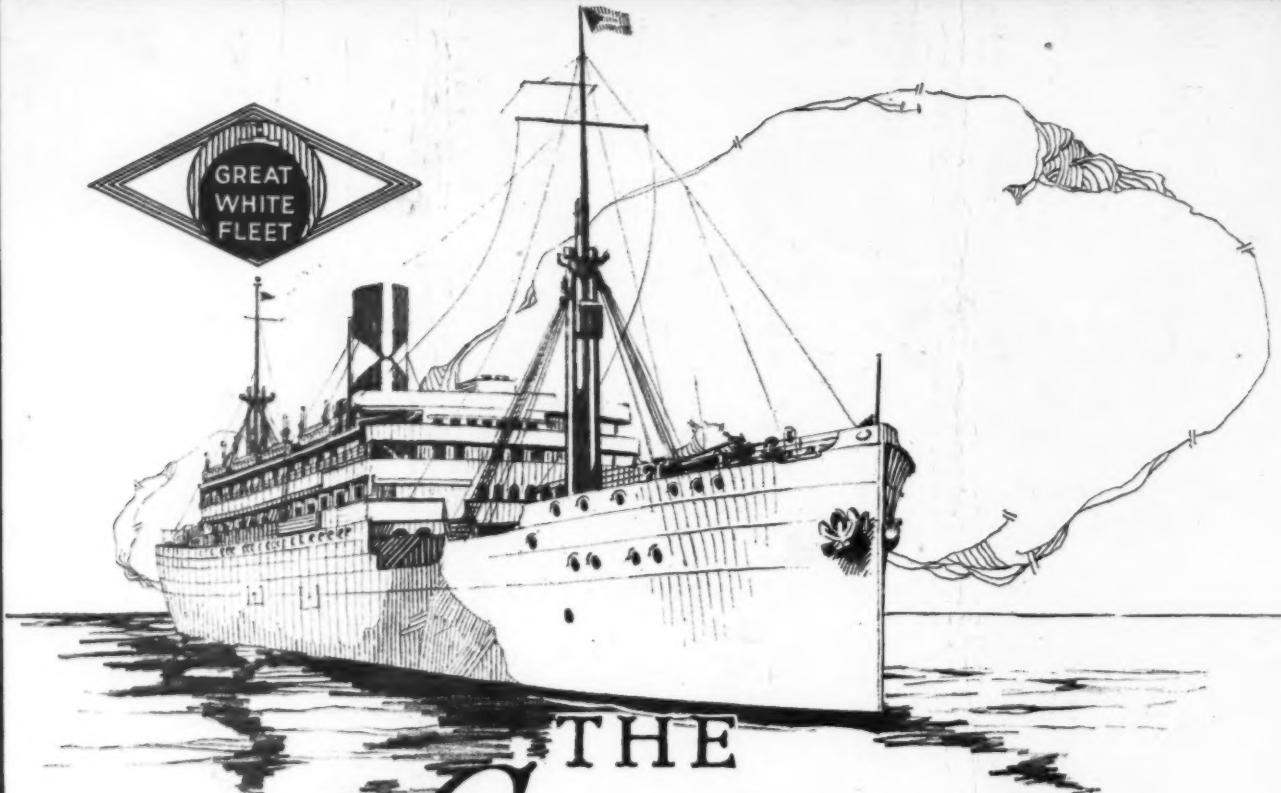
NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

The Enduring Monuments of America



A Close-up of the Closing Hours of the Conference
The President Writes a Letter for "Laddie Boy"



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GREAT WHITE FLEET



Just Among Ourselves

THE world is coming into focus again. Focus is a suggestion of perspective.

One's view of life at best is apt to be superficial; most of us live each day much like the one before, so all of us tend to see the picture of our own mind-taking without the full perspective. In order to describe a valley, we must climb the overlooking hill if we would know the reality. To tell about the parade so others can understand we must sit in a vantage point and watch and feel the procession as it passes. The readers of the NATIONAL depend on their favorite magazine to tell of life and folks from the knowledge gleaned from the hilltop and the reviewing stand. Still, each of us in our own sphere can broaden our souls and enlarge our vision by striving earnestly to gain impressions from a personal perspective, direct or indirect.

WE rejoice anew at the rewards accruing to a confiding and trusting world that last July turned with faith and hope when President Harding called distressed and disturbed nations to a family council. Knowing the lofty ideals of our President and of his zealous coadjutor, Secretary Hughes, we had no hesitation in predicting success. It was as if the members of family beset with jealousies and bickering in distrust, had gone to the homestead to talk things over in an atmosphere where discord could not survive. Captious critics there were, mostly mere scribblers peddling two by four twaddle, who saw dire results; some were quite specific, but their carpings and prognostications have again justified Josh Billings' old remark:

Don't never profisy 'thout you know,
As the prophets eat crow.

Certainly our country made what some may call "sacrifices," but the other nations did so, too; but all contributed nobly to the ideal of "Peace on Earth to men of good will."

By the way, the NATIONAL's three conference numbers are in great demand as presenting the human side of the peace parley. A limited reserve supply is available, and the three will be sent prepaid for a half dollar.

THE NATIONAL in its next issue will have a surprise for its readers. A living great man of eminent name, one who has achieved, and himself the son of one of the outstanding men of all time, will be the subject of an article that will, we believe, be preserved by our readers as an important contribution to the fund of general knowledge of our country and its institutions.

SHALL we have fiction in the NATIONAL? It has been our policy always to give our readers what they supportingly prove is their need and desire. When current fiction, a few years ago, began to depart from a type that made it worthwhile, and for the large part degenerated into mere barn-yard narrative, the NATIONAL concluded to drop stories. Latterly the pendulum shows signs of swinging; trashy publications are being seized, and the wicked and sinister dollar-chasers who would destroy our stalwart structure built on American homes, are turning to other fields.

LITTLE HELPS" that volume we presented, provided by our own readers—practical home-makers—is a barometer of public opinion and action. Something has happened, somewhere; either Dan Cupid is extremely busy, or the lucky ones already married have turned from the lighter things to real home-making and desire a whole library—a literal college course in home economics—in the single but substantial volume, "Little Helps."



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New Series No. 10

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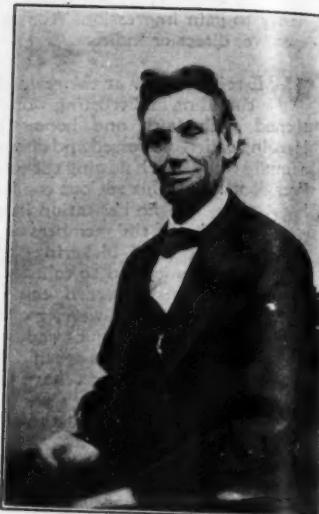
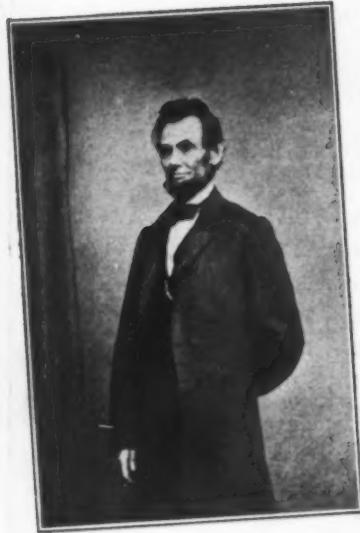
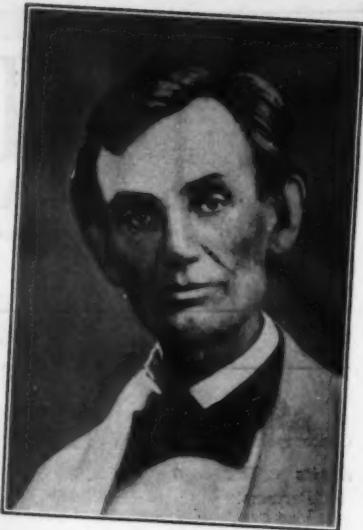
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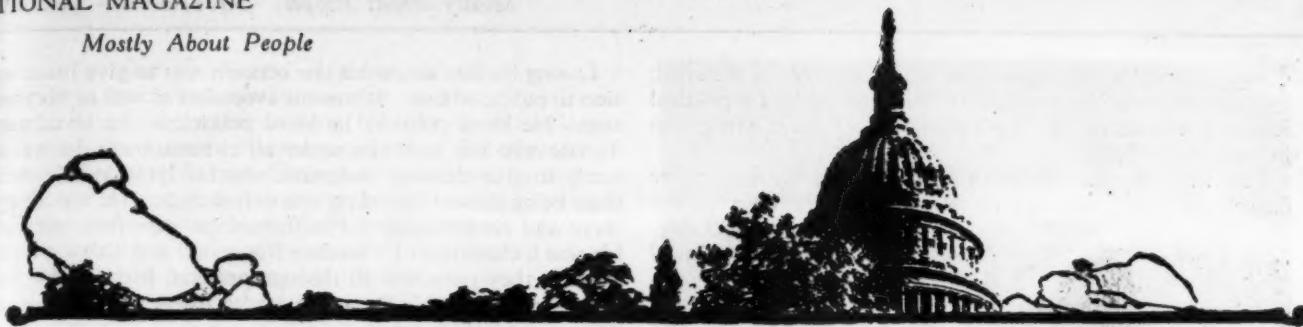
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CONTEMPORANEOUS PORTRAITS OF LINCOLN

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Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



NIN winter time the farmers of the North at least do most of their thinking. Sitting around the stove during the long winter evenings encourages discussion.

During the last days of January the Farmers' Conference was held in Washington, and they gathered around the radiators in the hotels and talked as they would around the stove at home.

It was in every sense of the word a conference of real dirt farmers; in fact, some of the farmers insisted that it was rather lonesome around these Washington hotels, because there were no chores for them to do.

There was much hard-headed common sense evidenced in the discussions that ensued in the ball-room of the hotel. The relation of the American farmer to the European situation was of paramount importance. The main discussion, however, riveted upon the proceedings of committees on commodities and marketing. The one thing that perplexes the farmer of the United States today is not so much a matter of more land and raising more crops, as of getting a price for his produce that will furnish him a livelihood the same as any other occupation.

* * * *

Forty per cent of the people of the United States still live on farms, and they represent fifty-five per cent of the purchasing power of the country, so the pendulum has not swung as far from the farm as many are wont to believe. Consequently and primarily the measure of our prosperity is the prosperity of the farmer.

The republic was created by farmers who, from behind a stone wall at Lexington indicated that they knew how to fight as well as farm.

The farmers of far vision are sensible thinkers, and they are not usually enthusiastic over the organization of an agricultural bloc in the House and Senate. That sounds like the old days in the Reichstag or in foreign parliaments. It has an un-American, foreign sound, that does not go well with the hard-headed all-American farmer. He knows without poetic phrasing the real glory of toil, but glory does not always pay the bills.

* * * *

It has been observed by keen-witted Congressmen looking after their fences back home in the agricultural districts that the farmers are growing whiskers these days, a dangerous sign. A Bolshevik and whiskers go together. Something must be done, so that the farmers will not have to shave everything else in their living expenses except their faces.

The age-old problem has appeared again. The farmer receives only a small modicum of what is paid for what he produces. That is why the subject of markets—the scientific business of marketing—was of paramount interest. If the farmer fails, the country fails, and that is why this Conference, welcomed by President Harding on the first day it assembled,

is looked upon as one of the most important that convened in Washington during a busy and eventful winter.

Secretary Wallace, of the Agricultural Department, stated that the Conference was called at the personal suggestion of the President. The Chief Executive of the land was born on a farm at Bloomingrove, Ohio, and does not forget the people who are up before dawn in winter, and are from sunrise to sunset in summer busy working out the basic problems of human existence.

* * * *

TRIBUTES to the late Senator Boies Penrose from his associates evidence elements of leadership genius. He is the last of the "big bosses" identified with a great constructive era of the country. He was pre-eminent in his chosen



WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

Who achieved his lifetime ambition when he became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Despite his high and august position, the famous "Taft smile" is as frequently in evidence as ever

domain of politics; he was a leader in the real sense of the word; by sheer power of his strength of character he had a political following unequalled in cohesiveness by any other one group in the United States.

For two years past his health had failed, but his spirit never flagged. From a sick bed at Atlantic City he directed the movements of his delegation at the political convention which nominated President Harding, continuing the same work of many campaigns in the past. He was, indeed, a Warwick, a President-maker. His first and last love was politics and public service.

Born of a lineage reaching back to an ancestor who fought at Bunker Hill, with the blood of the Quakers in his veins, and a graduate of Harvard, Boies Penrose continued a student of life. He never married, but gave his whole life to the one thing—political leadership. He served under Matthew Quay and carried on even to greater success the work of his chief in

THE LATE SENATOR BOIES PENROSE
The last of a great dynasty of American political "bosses," and for a generation pre-eminent in his chosen domain. His one dominating interest in life was politics, and he gave the best and the uttermost of a tremendous forceful temperament to the service of his state and country

Pennsylvania—the largest and most cohesive political unit in the nation. He was criticised and even maligned, but he never lacked for courage to go forward. He had a contempt for weakness, and those who opposed him came to know him and admired and loved him, as did his political fellowcraft.

Even during the days of his last illness, knowing that death had its grip upon him, he persisted in his public service. He was a patriot to the core. When he was asked by President Taft to cut down his political offices in the interest of economy, he did so. His followers knew that whatever else might be said, Boies Penrose was just. He had no sentiment, and his big red automobile became an institution in Pennsylvania.

When he arose to speak on the floor of the Senate, a towering, powerful figure, with a lisp in his voice, he could puncture foibles, and, with a shaft of sarcasm, turn the tide in a debate. There was something dramatic, even tragic, during the latter years of his life. With indomitable will he stood on the floor of the Senate, a mere shadow of his former self, but with brain keen and active, directing the affairs in the Finance Committee and tariff legislation to the last.

Pennsylvania has indeed sustained a loss in the passing of Boies Penrose. His career will stand out in the history of his native state. Senator Penrose had a sense of humor. His dark eyes could flash with command and twinkle with amusement in quick succession. He was in a way a recluse, but the doors of his office were ever swung wide open to his followers. Within a few hours of Washington, he was always accessible to the large army of office-seekers from Pennsylvania. Had he hailed from a far-away state, free from the local harassments, he would have occupied a very prominent place in the Senate.

Clear-headed, he seemed unerring in his judgment of men. If there ever was a man who made a study of mankind in the mass, and mankind in the individual, it was Boies Penrose. What a romance could be written of the scenes and episodes of his stirring life! He was a man of big mold, physically and mentally. His familiar figure will be missed in the Senate.

During his last illness his one concern was to give his attention to public affairs. It was his avocation as well as his vocation. He loved politics; he loved politicians; he loved men. To one who has seen him under all circumstances, he was as ready to give clear-cut judgment whether lying in a barber's chair being shaved, or sitting in a swivel chair. He was always there and always ready. His friendships were firm and fast. He was a classmate of Theodore Roosevelt, and although they clashed, they remained all through personal friends. He was more than a "boss"—he was a leader living at a time when leaders were all-essential.

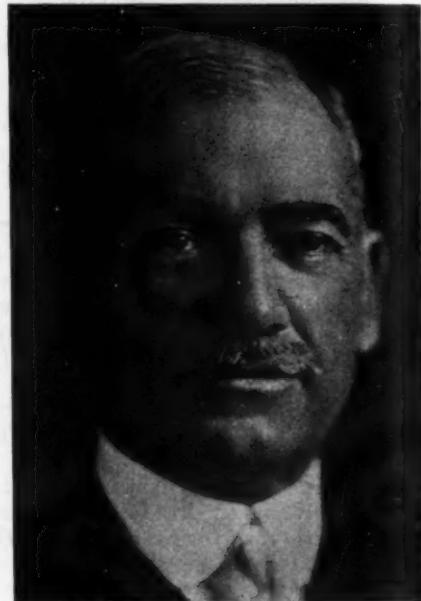
The close attention of Senator Penrose to his work as chairman of the Finance Committee doubtless shortened his life. He was born in 1860 and began his career in the State Legislature of Pennsylvania as soon as he could vote. To be elected and re-elected was the program. When he succeeded J. Donald Cameron as senator in 1897, his re-election never gave him concern. He was first for his followers and first for his country. One of the towering figures of this day and generation passed when Boies Penrose bowed to the inevitable and made his motion for the last adjournment of life's fitful services on earth.

* * * *

THOUGH born and raised in Tennessee, Congressman John Q. Tilson of the Third District of Connecticut has been a resident of New Haven ever since he entered Yale in 1887. Immediately upon his graduation from Yale law school, he began the practice of his profession in New Haven, and while a newcomer to that city, soon began to take an active part in its municipal affairs.

Elected a member of the state legislature in 1904, he was re-elected in 1906 and served as Speaker of the Connecticut House of Representatives in 1907. Upon the retirement of Congressman-at-large George L. Lilley from the House to become Governor of Connecticut, Tilson was nominated by the Republicans of the state to succeed him in the national House of Representatives, and was elected to serve in the sixty-first and sixty-second Congresses as member-at-large from his state. Upon the redistricting of the state in 1910, the office of Congressman-at-large was eliminated, but two years later, in 1914, Tilson was re-elected to Congress from the new third district, which he has represented ever since.

Congressman Tilson's most noteworthy work has been along military lines. When a young man just out of college, he became interested in military matters, and in 1898, at the outbreak of the Spanish War, he was commissioned as a lieutenant in the Sixth United States Volunteer Infantry and served through the war. Upon his return to New Haven, at the close of the



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HON. JOHN Q. TILSON

Representative (Republican) from Connecticut, whose long and arduous military training made him an important member of the House Committee on Military Affairs over a period of eight years. Since the close of the war he has been a member of the Committee on Ways and Means

war, he entered the Second Regiment of the Connecticut National Guard, and was a member of that organization more than twenty years, working his way up the ladder of rank until he became lieutenant-colonel of his regiment in 1916. When the National Guard was called out to serve at the Border in that year, Tilson temporarily gave up his seat in Congress to go out with his regiment, and served for six months, returning home in command of the regiment.

Tilson's active military service, however, has been of minor note compared with his more important service along national defense lines as a member of the House Committee on Military Affairs, to which he gave eight years' service, the last two of which were during the World War. Congressman Tilson's experience as a military man and his wide knowledge of military subjects obtained by careful study, made him a marked man on this committee, and during the war he was generally recognized as the military expert of the House. An unusual tribute was paid to his services by the House in authorizing the printing of a collection of his war speeches in a House document, a compliment which it is said has never been paid to any other member in the history of Congress.

Since the close of the war, Congressman Tilson has been transferred from the Military Committee to the Committee on Ways and Means, the greatest peacetime committee in the House. This committee is now charged with the responsibility of providing the money to pay for the recent war, and he has taken an active part in the affairs of that committee during the past two years. In the preparation of the tariff bill, Mr. Tilson was chairman of the sub-committee which wrote the parts of the bill relating to the metal and the sundries schedules, a work which brought him into contact with manufacturers throughout the country.

* * * *

FROM the very first day that Senator Samuel D. Nicholson took his seat in the Senate, he began active work on the dream of his life, that of having the great mining industry of the United States represented in the Cabinet.

The figures as revealed in his recent address before the American Mining Congress are startling. His speech is quoted here in part:

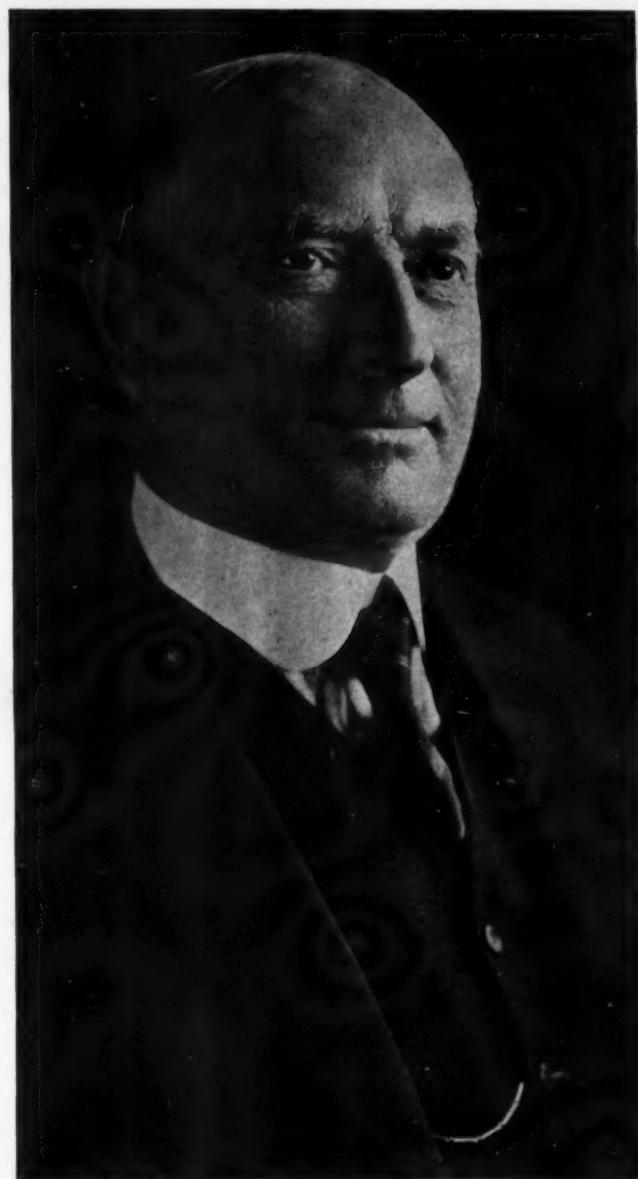
"The United States Geological Survey estimates that the mineral output of 1920 was \$6,707,000,000, or twelve times as great as that of 1889, and nearly three times the value of the agricultural output at the time when the Department of Agriculture was created. Because of this rapid growth, the mining industry and the position of increasing importance that it has attained and will continue to assume for the nation as a whole, there should be no question but that it is entitled to Cabinet representation.

"Another evidence of the importance of the mining industry to the industrial system of the nation is the amount of traffic which it supplies to the railroads. Of a total freight tonnage of 2,307,000,000 tons carried by the railroads of the United States in 1918, the mining industry supplied 1,500,000,000 tons, or over 65 per cent, while the combined tonnage of the agricultural and live-stock industries was but 290,000,000 tons, or less than thirteen per cent."

We learn therefrom that the mining industry owns nineteen million wage earners, of whom five million were at that time out of employment. A comparison was made with the agricultural industry, revealing the fact that when the Cabinet portfolio was provided for the farmers of America, the production of farms was less than half of that now represented in the annual production of the mines.

The Mining Congress adopted a resolution supporting Senate Bill 1957, introduced by Senator Nicholson, centralizing all governmental activities related to the mining industry in one department to be presided over by the secretary of mines, who would be a member of the President's Cabinet.

Senator Nicholson is of Scotch descent and has the deter-



HON. SAMUEL D. NICHOLSON

United States Senator (Republican) from Colorado, represents the great mining interests of the country. His dream is to have a Secretary of Mines in the Cabinet, and considering the tremendous financial importance of the mining industry, the ordinary tax-paying citizen cannot understand why such a portfolio has never been created

mination of a Highlander who persists. As a speaker, one is impressed with a deep, hale and hearty voice that wins at once his hearers, even before sufficient proof settles an argument.

* * * *

THE retirement from the Cabinet of Postmaster-General Hays in order to assume general direction of the moving picture industry in the United States, while "viewed with alarm" by certain small-town editors, seems on the whole to be justified from every reasonable point of view—and moreover, is said to meet with the approval of the President, who is or should be, aside from Mr. Hays himself, the most interested party.

There are a number of considerations affecting the proposed transferal of Mr. Hays' great and recognized abilities from the service of the public as the visible head of the Postoffice Department to the service of the public as the accredited representative of the moving picture industry.

The first of these considerations is the fact, which is not



WILL HAYS

The little general of the G. O. P., who is about to undertake the job of physical director and spiritual guide to that great industry which the American public colloquially refers to as "the Movies"—and we'll tell the world he's some director

of extreme importance, that his is the first retirement from the Cabinet circle—a retirement, however, attended by every evidence of accord and amity between the President and himself.

The second consideration is what effect his retirement from the post he has seemed so admirably fitted to occupy may have upon the morale of the Department itself—and this is something no man can safely venture to express an opinion on.

The third consideration, which is entirely personal with Mr. Hays himself, is whether any man—laying aside entirely the question of the comparative values of the services which he can render to the public in the two positions—can afford to allow the opportunity of rendering the future of his family pecuniarily secure to weigh less in the balance of his judgment than does the question of his duty as a member of the body politic.

The fourth consideration, and, if our premises are correct, the one which is the most moving is: "What will be the visible and concrete effect upon the moving-picture industry as related to its influence upon the public, of the accession of Mr. Hays as a directing force?

It is a little bewildering to the analytical mind to dwell upon the ensuing possibilities. In the industrial history of the world there is no parallel to the position which Mr. Hays is about to assume. Were he to accept the management of the most powerful unit in the film industry, there would be but

little reason for comment. But virtually he assumes the management of the industry itself—and by that all-inclusive gesture lifts himself to the pinnacle of business achievement.

Mr. Hays' duties, we understand, are two-fold: to synchronize the dissonant elements of the moving picture industry and thus bring harmony out of present chaos, and to foster the *entente cordiale* (which has of late become dangerously strained) between the industry and the public.

It is not to be doubted that Mr. Hays possesses the necessary qualifications for this formidable task. He has the most abounding and astonishing energy, a mind that functions with the instant precision of an automatic mechanism, an astonishing clarity of judgment, coupled with absolute decision, long experience in executive control of extensive working organizations, and a faculty of co-ordinating scattered individual efforts into a centralized and harmonious result. He has, too, which is of extreme importance for the success of his proposed task, the profound confidence of the public in his honesty of purpose.

The results of this most interesting industrial experiment will be awaited with extreme interest.

* * * *

SEEING Chief Justice Taft at a diplomatic ball and then later high on the bench in the Supreme Court of Justice, is a contrast in expressions. It strikes us all that the defendant or witness or attorney who faces Justice Taft on the floor of the Court has but a small chance of writing a dissertation on the smile of this jovial personage. At least he has not as much chance as would the man who had seen him at the reception in the Pan-American Building.

* * * *

CAN it be believed that the representatives of the people in this tercentenary period of American civilization could permit the perpetuation of a ban on intelligence? Yet that is exactly what the Congress of the United States is responsible for, through the action of the Post Office Committee of the House of Representatives in tabling the Hardy bill by a vote of ten to five. All that this measure contemplated was a postponement of the fourth increase of the zone postage rate until July 1, 1922, and an investigation as to the cost of handling second-class matter. The bill was not satisfactory to the publishers of large newspapers nor to the national periodicals, but the National Publishers Association tried to help it along, as it afforded some measure of relief.

At the very least, investigation of the problem of newspaper and magazine postage should have been conceded. Opponents of the bill were able to stir up opposition only by holding up the bugaboo of a high flat rate. They charged proponents of the measure were planning to injure the small newspaper—the institution on whose favor the small politician banks.

The zone system is technically defended on the ground that the charges for carrying newspapers and magazines should be in proportion to the cost. Since, however, its inevitable result is to make information and intelligence dear, it is for the people themselves to say whether they are willing to put up the margin of difference. They never asked for the zone system, and if the question is put straight to them, they will not hesitate to abolish it.

* * * *

IN the Diplomatic ante-room the callers wait, amid grim-visaged paintings on the wall. There is Daniel Webster portrayed severe, at the time he was Secretary of State. The picture seems to frown as the telephone in the corner rings insistently, doubtless recalling his prophecy as to the arid deserts of the West. Lord Asburton, bewigged and high-frocked, gleams over a frame on the other side of the mantle, with a treaty smile. Secretary Gresham in the center, reminds one of a Republican candidate for the Presidency who later headed the cabinet of a Democratic President—Grover Cleveland.

A trio of portraits adorn the opposite wall—Richard A. Olney, stern and grim jawed, as when he penned the famous Venezuela note that made the Cleveland administration famous for firmness in a foreign policy. Beside him is Secretary Bacon, who sat in the State Department swivel chair a short time during the Roosevelt administration. Close under the light to the left are the half-smiling, modest features of Secretary Lansing—the last Secretary of State “to be hung” or painted as the saying goes. Some young ladies in the room were trying to identify the features.

“Who is that?” one of them demurely asked.

“Secretary Lansing,” I promptly answered, proud of my knowledge.

“Was he President?” she chirped sweetly.

“Oh no, he was Secretary of State in Wilson’s Cabinet.”

“When did he die?” she continued.

“He still lives—has written a book—and—”

There was an interruption with a sigh.

“Oh my, I thought they never hung a painting until the man was dead! Are the rest dead?”

“Oh no, Mr. Bacon still lives.”

“Well, I must say these famous men seem awful quiet about themselves, after they are painted. I’m going home to study up who’s who in Washington. At least to be able to tell the folks at home the names of the members of President Harding’s Cabinet, before they are painted into obscurity.”

* * * *

WITH the naval holiday in prospect, the occasion of Baltimore’s welcome to the officers of the U. S. battleship *Maryland* will remain an historic event. It happens that the *Maryland* is the last note in naval construction, the most complete ship of its time. It anchored off Sparrow’s Point, where in the shadow of Fort McHenry Francis Key wrote “The Star Spangled Banner.” There was little need of added pomp and glory to make its appearance a memorable event.

A dinner was given by Baltimore with Mayor William F. Broening presiding at a great round table seating one hundred guests, representing the clubs and civic organizations of the city. The crew of the *Maryland* were accorded a rare treat.

At the centre of the table there was built a replica of the Capitol, nestling in a sea of ferns and banked by gallant palms. The dinner was followed by music and song, and good cheer. Tributes to native sons of Baltimore, including Captain Charles F. Preston, made the affair significant, for the ship was named after a state that includes the Naval Academy at Annapolis, now under command of a son of Baltimore.

The most powerful man-of-war afloat, the *Maryland*, was laid down during the peak of the international naval race. She is likely to take her place in history as the last great ship of her type, and the forerunner of the era when the futility of great navies became manifest to the nations striving for peace and the prosperity that it can be made to bring.

* * * *

IN all the years, from the evolution of a spare mustache to the fullness of a Van Dyke, through a period of political reformation, Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota has been enacting the role of Uncle Si to the gallery of the House.

Gopher Prairie has known him and swapped oilskins for tobacco over the counter in his store, the General Merchandise Palace. He has held many a rural responsibility, and with these were included small boys whose own parents felt a little less responsibility in their bringing-up. He has had to exercise his razor-strap behind the barn on many a lad that got away with four pounds of stuffed peppers the night before Halloween, in order that the future race of that village might be more worshipful Baptists.

But let us retire from the footlights of fancy!

There is told a story at the expense of Senator Nelson that still persists. The happening occurred twenty odd years ago,



Photo by W. R. Culver, Baltimore

HIS HONOR WILLIAM F. BROENING

Mayor of Baltimore, and Captain Charles F. Preston, commander of the U. S. Battleship “Maryland,” the most powerful man-of-war afloat, and the very last word in naval construction, which may take a place in history as the last great ship of her type upon the sea

and by this it is evidenced the Senator has not been able to live down the story.

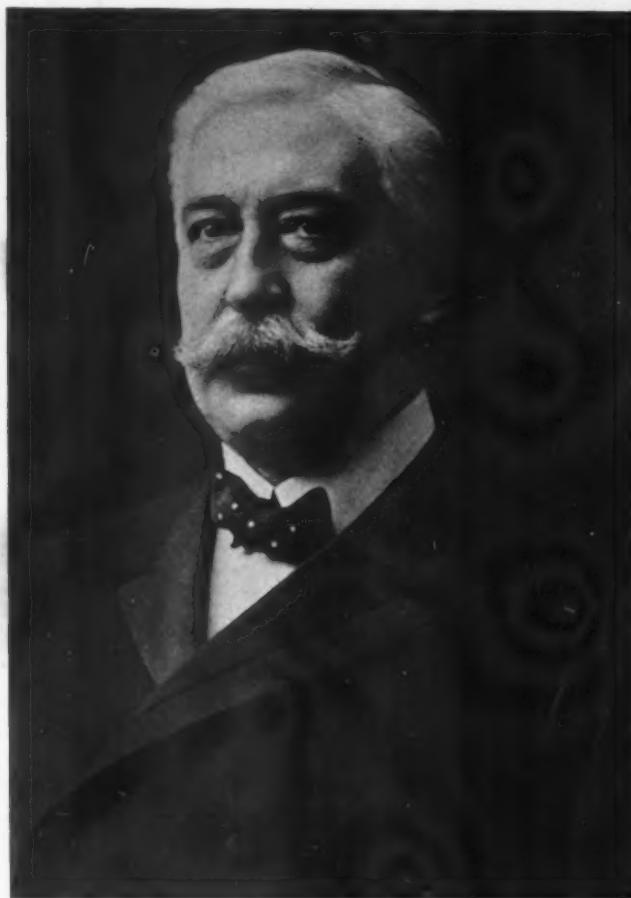
When Senator Nelson first hung out his shingle in Minnesota, announcing to the world that he was now a lawyer of much prospect but little practice, he obtained a client (the first to stray into his office by accident). The Senator had closed the case with this gentleman and received as a fee a very stout pig.

The pig was put away carefully behind the office, in a little box, to be pampered and fed for a long time. It seems, however, the young fry of the village had not yet learned their lesson. Some misguided boys greased the pig one dark night and let it loose into a free world.

The Senator mourned deeply, for all his efforts in regaining his first fleeing office fee were futile, and now nothing can induce him to order ham.

* * * *

AN important measure which has to do with the transportation problem is now before Congress. It is for the construction of a thirty-foot canal around the rapids of the St. Lawrence River, thereby letting ocean craft into Lake Ontario, and then by the passage of the Welland Canal into all the upper lakes. When this plan is carried out, freighters can come and go between any port on the Great Lakes and any harbor on the high seas. It has been favorably reported by a board of engineers representing the United States and



HON. LEWIS D. APSLEY

Former Representative from Massachusetts, and one of the outstanding figures in the business, social, and political life of the Old Bay State. He is a prominent manufacturer and one of the upbuilders of American industrial supremacy as well as an active force for civic betterment

Canada, and by the International Joint Commission of three members from each country.

The estimated costs for a thirty-foot canal are \$270,000,000, which includes the building of dams and installation of machinery for the generation of 1,500,000 electric horse-power that will pay for construction and maintenance, thereby lifting the burden from the government or the taxpayer. The two governments share the undertaking on a 50-50 basis. But Canada alone is spending about \$70,000,000 on the new Welland Canal, connecting Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, and offers it freely to the commerce of the world. The vision and enterprise of our neighbor is quite beyond the ordinary understanding.

Careful estimates made by big shippers show that at present freight rates, the loading of ocean craft at Chicago or Duluth, Superior, would save ten cents on every bushel of grain raised in the West, while there would be an equivalent saving on all freight, by eliminating rail haul from Buffalo to the seaboard.

America has been busy these hundred years with the winning of the western land. Now the continent is at last subdued. The energy of a great people, bred to high enterprise, seeks new direction. The West is ready to place itself beside the Englands, Old and New. The land is occupied, the men are here—the power and resource and energy. One thing only is lacking—the open road to the sea.

* * * *

NOT that he is in danger of "forgetting the rock from which he was hewn," but in accord with the everlasting fitness of things, President Harding has been presented by more than six hundred fellow newspaper editors with a high-backed edi-

torial chair. The chair was made of wood from the famous old schooner *Revenge*, captured from the British on Lake Champlain in the Revolutionary War. Thus it typifies a period happily of the past and one which it is hoped will never reproduce itself in history. For more than a century there have been no warships on the great lakes, nor any fortifications along the international border. So from his editorial chair the President may fittingly give forth a lesson to the disarmament conference, showing how easy and how pleasant it has been for two nations to live in peace side by side, simply by mutually resolving to maintain no semblance of threatening toward each other. What the United States and Great Britain have done for peace by example in the last hundred years can be done for the peace of the world if all nations but say the word and keep it.

* * * *

WHEN in the course of meteorological events it becomes necessary to reach for your raincoat or rubbers, the name of a famous manufacturer will flash into your mind. That is, if you have a habit of remembering your benefactors. If you know your New England well, your thoughts by the same token, will hark back to the town of Hudson, Massachusetts, the home of Hon. Lewis D. Apsley, whose rubber goods manufactory has made the place famous, and whose career in Congress is a part of the history of the nation.

Born at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, September 29, 1852, Lewis Dewart Apsley moved to Philadelphia at fifteen years of age and immediately engaged in active business pursuits, early identifying himself with the rubber goods trade. He came to Massachusetts in 1877 and established himself in 1885 as a manufacturer of rubber goods in Hudson. From childhood he possessed a strong individualistic character. A story is told of a passage at arms, a contest of wits, with his teacher, in which young Apsley did not come off second. He grew up a contender for principle, a creator in business and industry.

Politics claimed a share of his energy. Mr. Apsley was sent to Congress from Massachusetts and served two terms, beginning August 7, 1892, and ending March 2, 1897. He declined renomination at the end of his second term, or there is no saying where he would be today in public affairs. He was elected vice-chairman of the national Republican Committee, and materially assisted in the notable campaign of 1894, which was unusually successful in overthrowing the Democratic control of the house. In recognition of his work in that campaign, he was summoned by Mr. McKinley to Canton, Ohio, and was offered the chairmanship of the Congressional Committee for 1896, which, for reasons of his own, he declined. He consented, however, to again serve as vice-chairman of the committee, taking a leading part in the successful sound money campaign of 1896, resulting in the election of McKinley as President. As a practical legislator he achieved a notable record, and with his charming wife made his home in Washington a center of social life.

As president and treasurer of the Apsley Rubber Company, president of the Board of Trade, director in the Hudson National Bank, a business leader and a leader in civic welfare, Mr. Apsley has been the foremost townsman of Hudson and citizen of Massachusetts almost ever since his advent there. A constructive genius, a big-hearted man, he is known and respected far beyond the confines of the charming little town that he has made conspicuous on the map of Massachusetts. Apsley is an outstanding name among builders of American industry, one of those that possess the world for their market.

* * * *

UNCLE SAM in turning over a new leaf found a deficit. Now, like any other worried citizen who for a time deemed himself a marked man by virtue of the financial dearth that always accompanies the arrival of income tax blanks, he is trying to find a way to meet his bills. The wolf appears at Uncle Sam's door even as he does at yours. The only

difference is that the former wolf is a more polite, well-mannered wolf, more easily held at bay, but every bit as vicious. May you remember that in your annual growling over tax reports.

* * * *

ONE of the "old timers" in Congress who goes steadily and quietly along his appointed way, doing his work with a conscientious and efficient thoroughness that wins for him the approval of his contemporaries and the commendation of his constituents, is Harry C. Woodyard (Republican), representative from West Virginia.

Mr. Woodyard is first of all a business man, having been associated with many large enterprises in his native state, including the wholesale grocery business, the lumber trade and railroading, and has had much influence in the industrial and commercial development of West Virginia. His business training is evidenced in the thoroughness with which he goes into every detail of legislation affecting the interests of his state, and the clear-headed acumen that he displays in debate upon important matters. So thoroughly are these qualities recognized by his fellow-members of the House that his counsel and advice is sought on all important legislative matters with which his party is concerned.

Mr. Woodyard represents the West Virginia delegation on the very important Committee on Committees, which names all the committees of the House. He is also a member of the Committee on Post Office and Post Road—one of the most important of that body. His strict attention to the many important duties that devolve upon him is largely responsible for the strong hold he retains upon the voters of his district, added to which his cordial and pleasing personality wins the favorable regard of all who come in contact with him politically, or in a business or social way.

Away back in 1898 he became a state Senator, and in 1902 was elected as a member of the fifty-eighth Congress, and re-elected to service in the fifty-ninth, sixtieth, and sixty-first Congresses. Again in 1916 he was elected to fill out the unexpired term of the late Judge Hunter H. Moss, and was re-elected to the sixty-fifth Congress.

By reason of his long and successful service for his state at the National Capitol he has consistently come to be looked upon as one of the sturdy oaks of the Republican party, and indications are that he will continue to represent the Fourth Congressional District of West Virginia at Washington so long as he may entertain the ambition to do so.

* * * *

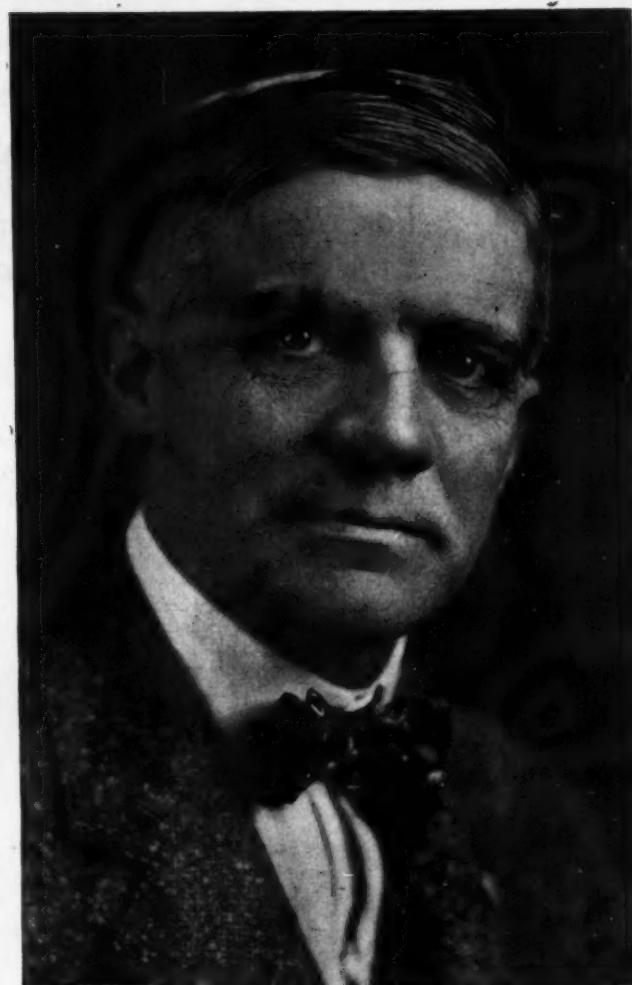
THE 1922 legislative program of Congress was launched with high hopes, although the session may continue late in the summer. There will be a succession of prolonged debates, but the prospects seem bright for passing legislation that will help to stabilize conditions.

Senator McComber, as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has begun pushing the tariff proposals so that that suspense will be ended.

The comptroller of the treasury insists that the outlook for the year is reassuring, for the country has turned its face definitely in the right direction. Evidence is accumulating that people are working together for restored prosperity. The war reaction has about had its run, and we look to no one thing, but to a little of everything to gear up the industrial machinery all over our country.

* * * *

LOOM, the like of which was not surpassed in the darkest days of war, hung over Washington following the catastrophe at the Knickerbocker Theatre. The storm and black tragedy in Washington will ever remain as a painful memory. Even Congress was deterred from assembling—the first time that any storm has ever delayed a session. But, oh what a sepulchre that beautiful spot on 18th Street was when they



HON. HARRY C. WOODYARD

Representative (Republican) from the Fourth District of West Virginia, who by reason of his long and efficient service has come to be regarded as a permanent and enduring fixture in the halls of Congress

were taking out the remains of the loved and lost! There were lovers in locked arms; husbands and wives, and in other instances whole families were wiped out. It seems that the theatre is the scene of many tragedies, other than those acted on the stage, for it was in a theatre that the greatest tragedy in Washington occurred, when Abraham Lincoln was cut down in the full flower of his greatness. As the President remarked upon this occasion: "There's no explaining the revolving fates"—we must all agree that there isn't.

* * * *

THERE is one phase of the new tax law that will be welcome news to those whose books, when balanced on January 1st, disclosed a loss. It is indicated that the law of compensation is to be established even in the matter of Uncle Sam's taxes. The firms that operated at a loss during 1921 will be able to deduct the net loss from their future taxable earnings if such a law is enacted. This gives hope all along the line.

The letter of the law reads as follows:

(b) If for any taxable year beginning after December 31, 1920, it appears upon the production of evidence satisfactory to the Commissioner that any taxpayer has sustained a net loss, the amount thereof shall be deducted from the net income of the taxpayer for the succeeding taxable year; and if such net loss is in excess of the net income for such succeeding taxable year, the amount of such excess shall be allowed as a deduction in computing the net income for the next succeeding taxable year; the deduction in all cases to be made under regulations prescribed by the Commissioner with the approval of the Secretary.

"Sit closer, friends," said Omar of old

Closing Hours of the Conference

For the first time in history the peoples of nine nations clasp hands in fellowship and agree unanimously on every point of pacts

WITHIN the white walls of Continental Hall the last session of the Conference for Limitation of Armament marked another scene of historic moment in the early days of February, in this year of our Lord 1922. In sixty days mankind took a vaster stride forward than in the entire eight hundred years since the dawn of the Dark Ages. Read the history of the eight centuries, and there is not a parallel of the great principle established for all humanity. It means more than the limitation of armament; it means the limitation of warfare for all time.

On November 12, 1921, Secretary Hughes announced a concrete proposition in a few simple

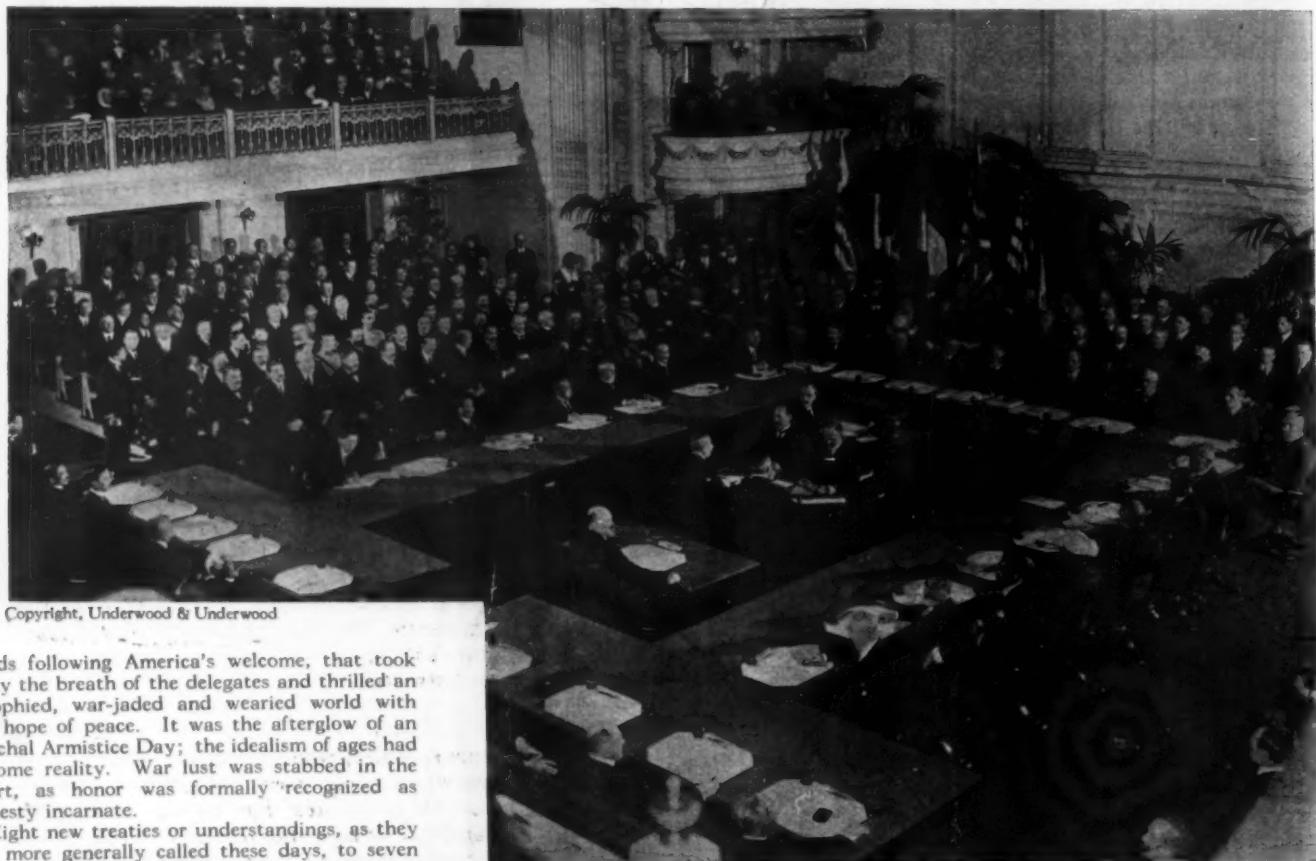
7. American-Japanese treaty regarding Yap.
8. Chinese-Japanese treaty concerning Shantung.

These eight treaties constitute an octave on which the major chords of Peace may be sounded for all time.

The spirit of the Conference has given the word "understanding" a new significance among nations as well as individuals, preserving national and traditional ideals amid the haze of a threatening internationalism. Here nations looked one another in the face and conducted conversations without diplomatic restraint, man to man, square-

eventful hours. He read the treaties, and his very tone lifted the delivery beyond the colorless, drab monotone of a reading clerk. He read from his heart of hearts.

Senator Elihu Root, that Cato of today, garbing his clear thoughts in chaste and simple phrase, vocally emphasized what he so well outlined, in the terse and yet lucid wording of the pacts. Senator Oscar Underwood added to his laurels in his masterly solution of the vexed Chinese tariff problem, which, because of his clear and high understanding of world economics, was assigned to him as his part in history making.



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words following America's welcome, that took sway the breath of the delegates and thrilled an atrophied, war-jaded and wearied world with the hope of peace. It was the afterglow of an epochal Armistice Day; the idealism of ages had become reality. War lust was stabbed in the heart, as honor was formally "recognized as honesty incarnate."

Eight new treaties or understandings, as they are more generally called these days, to seven of which the United States is a signatory power, are the solemn pledge of the nine nations controlling the war power of today, written into the heart of humanity, indelibly.

The list resounds with the swift automotive terms of today.

1. Four-power Pacific treaty, signed Dec. 13.
- A supplemental treaty defining Japan as a mainland.
2. Five-power naval limitation treaty.
3. Five-power submarine and poison gas treaty.
4. Six-power German-Pacific cable treaty.
5. Nine-power treaty on Chinese tariff.
6. Nine-power treaty on the Chinese questions.

ing future acts with words and pledge—the soul of humanity responding to the heart cry of the world.

Old-time diplomacy was shunned; it was supplanted by words, untarnished with the wile and guile of reservation, taking their rightful place in universal understanding. Conversations, in all the simplicity and candor the word implies, marked the opening of every succeeding plenary session of the conference. Secretary Hughes was in a happy frame of mind during the last

Senator Lodge applied the sense of the Monroe Doctrine in the pacts, giving assurance of stability and peace in the Pacific, opening the doors of the Far East.

Each of them played his part, and played it as a master, for which he is pre-eminently fitted.

The United States of America and the whole world have reason to be proudly grateful for the achievements of these four representatives who are not regarded as world elders, inspired instruments of exalted Fate. (Continued on page 444)

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CONFERENCE IN SESSION

"As bends the twig so is the tree inclined"

Fusing the Work of Mothers and Teachers

The busy life work of the president of The National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Association

WITH much force comes the realization that while individually we may consider ourselves and our progress answerable solely to the Recording Angel, collectively we are bound in patriotic duty to estimate ourselves subject to the laws of tradition, as brought to light by various organization leaders.

With the Parent-Teachers' Association there is a vista of new impressions opened. We learn that in so far as the safety of a future democracy is concerned, it lies not in the hands of our present lawmakers, but in the hands of our children. Acting upon this principle, it is not difficult to foresee the disaster that would certainly visit a country if the education of today's child is not seriously analyzed and properly exploited.

One of the organizations of today that are justifying this logic by their good work is the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Association. This organization is appealing to the common sense of the people, beseeching them to see the importance of this question. The child's welfare, health, physical development and moral and spiritual progress is the keynote of purpose, which the Parent-Teachers' Association wishes to drive home to every American family. This organization has accumulated immense strength and support within the last few years, and in many of the larger cities men as well as women of prominence are serving as officers of the different branches.

Founded as a mothers' congress twenty-five years ago by Mrs. Theodore Birney and Mrs. Phoebe Hearst for the purpose of raising the standards of home life and assisting the mothers of the land, it held its first convention in Washington, D. C., and immediately found a warm response awaiting it by immense audiences and a reception at the White House tendered by Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who graciously received the two thousand who were interested in this most vital undertaking.

The growth of the organization advanced steadily, and finally there was so great a demand by the educators for its use in connection with the schools that in 1915 the name was changed to The National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Association. Many associations were formed, and monthly meetings held in the school-houses.

While there are local associations in all the states, today forty states are organized with state branches and regular officers. The number of members exceeds three hundred thousand, and the membership is rapidly increasing, while the superintendents of schools and parents in unorganized states are preparing to form state branches. The concerted action of all these states is resulting in the co-ordination of the strongest forces in our country for all the most approved methods of work for the conservation and development of the children in this country.

An instance of the power of this movement may be seen in the recent passage of the Shepard-Towner Maternity and Infancy Bill, as petitions were sent by these associations all over the United States.

As the organization is non-political and non-sectarian, it is free to consider bills especially

related to child welfare impartially and solely for the good of the child as affecting his physical well being and the development of his mental and moral nature.

The movement has become so important in the minds of the educators that Columbia University has asked the National Congress of



MRS. MILTON P. HIGGINS

President of the National Congress of the Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Association, internationally recognized as an authority on the inter-related functions of the school and the home in child training

Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Associations to conduct a three-weeks' course at the summer session of Teachers' College on Parent-Teacher Association work. A credit of one point will be given to those who take the course, which will be conducted by Mrs. Florence V. Watkins, executive secretary of the organization, who is a Columbia graduate. The national headquarters are situated at 1201 Sixteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

Every possible phase of the child's home life, where eighteen hours of the twenty-four are spent, as well as every detail of his school career, is taken up in these meetings. In order that this particular movement be thoroughly grounded, it has recently been proposed to work in co-operation with the educators for a higher standard for teachers and to raise the salaries of

teachers throughout the country, to raise the standard of pedagogical ability.

President Harding has promised his support for many of the legislative proposals of the Congress.

When the Parent-Teachers' Association elected Mrs. Milton P. Higgins as president, they secured the services of a leader whose scope was not only national, but international as well.

Mrs. Katharine Chapin Higgins was born in Manchester, New Hampshire, her father being a descendant of that Deacon Samuel Chapin, one of the founders of Springfield, Massachusetts, whom the artist St. Gaudens has immortalized in the statue sometimes called "The Puritan."

Her father had a roving disposition, for after completing his course as civil engineer at Teachers College in Andover, he laid out the first railroad in Georgia, and upon his marriage to Catherine F. Sawin, who was educated at what was then Mt. Holyoke Seminary, under the famous Mary Lyon, they migrated to what was then the far West, viz., Terre Haute, Indiana. Their stay in the West, however, was for only about a couple of years, as the scourge of malaria drove them east, and they became identified with the early life of the rapidly-growing city of Manchester, New Hampshire, situated on the banks of the Merrimack river.

The little girl, Katharine Elizabeth Chapin, sometimes accompanied her father as he laid out the streets, and it was her delight to find in the sandy soil the rough arrow heads that had been left by the Indians on this, their favorite camping ground. She attributes a large part of her ability and willingness to undertake new enterprises to the early influences of the home, which was made the center to which flocked the educators and ministers of the young city. As her father was superintendent of the Sunday-school in the newly-organized Franklin Street Congregational Church, she was early called upon to assist him in musical rehearsals for Sunday-school concerts. At the age of fourteen, owing to the earnest request of a class of girls a little younger than herself, she became their teacher, and has continued her work as teacher or superintendent of primary, junior, or intermediate departments ever since.

She was sent to Abbot Academy at Andover and graduated in the famous class of 1868, which sent out several who have been a special blessing to the world, among whom are the following: Alice French, better known as Octave Thanet, the author; Mrs. Francis E. Clark, who has so ably assisted Mr. Clark in the Christian Endeavor movement; Mrs. Etta Learoyd Sperry, who, after teaching several years in the Academy, married Rev. Dr. Sperry, pastor of Hanover Street Church, at Manchester, and whose son is the present pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Boston.

At the request of the Manchester School Board Miss Chapin, after her graduation, taught in the public schools of Manchester until her marriage to Milton P. Higgins, who, upon his graduation from Dartmouth College was chosen to superintend the Washburn Shops connected with the new Polytechnic Institute at Worcester, Mass. The idea of connecting a commercial shop with an educational institution was an

experiment, and its success was considered doubtful by many educators. Both Mr. and Mrs. Higgins came to their new field of labor with a firm determination to make it a financial as well as an educational success. After its achievement, the educators in other states were desirous of introducing it into their schools, and in 1889 Mr. Higgins was granted a partial year's leave of absence to introduce the system into the Georgia Technical Institute, which was at that time being established in Atlanta, Georgia. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins and their four children consequently spent a year in Atlanta, and Mrs. Higgins started the first Home Missionary Society in Georgia. The family returned to Worcester in 1890 and soon after Mrs. Higgins became the president of the Worcester primary and junior Sunday-school Union.

As a member of the Woman's Club she was instrumental in the introduction of the kindergarten into the schools of Worcester. In order to do this she interviewed each member of the school committee individually, securing from him the promise of his vote in its favor.

She also served as regent of the Colonel Timothy Bigelow Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and at the close of her term of office she became state historian.

In 1912 she was elected president of the Massachusetts branch of the National Congress of the Mothers and Parent-Teachers' Association, and visited most of the towns and cities of Massachusetts. In 1914 she was elected national vice-president and visited conventions in various states and attended National Congress meetings held in connection with the National Education Superintendents' Conventions.

In 1920, at the national convention held in Madison, Wisconsin, Mrs. Higgins was elected national president. She was also chosen by the National Council of Women as one of the ten delegates to the International Council of Women, which held its convention at Christiania, Norway. On this trip she visited many of the countries of Europe, including the war stricken regions, to ascertain the conditions and educational facilities for the children. At the conference she represented the National United States Council for Child Welfare.

Since her return to this country she has visited

during the past year the states east of the Mississippi river holding the National Convention in Washington, D. C., in April. She also held sessions in connection with the superintendent's convention at Atlantic City in March, 1921. This year she is visiting the state organizations in the southern and western states, and she will reach Tacoma, Washington, in time to hold the next National Convention in the week of May 8, 1922.

Mrs. Higgins is enthusiastic over what she considers to be the foundation of a movement to combine the efforts of parents and teachers to produce and train a race having higher ideals and living together in peace and harmony. She is convinced that the United States must take the lead in the civilization of the nations and the burden—which should be deemed the privilege—must rest largely on the co-ordination of educators and parents, who together must be the character-builders of the world.

Mrs. Higgins is one of those people whose habits of living are formed not through ease of luxury, but through necessity of invention—through work, the only means of self-preservation; one of those people whose customs bring forth a race so sturdy and self-reliant that they are able to meet any emergency, be it moral or physical.

To say that all her life Mrs. Higgins has been identified with achievements would be superfluous; she could not occupy her place and station in life today if she had been a mere dreamer, or even a mere practicalist. She is possessed of a power of adaptability that is responsible for her popularity, manifesting itself not only within the confines of America, but in other countries as well.

Whether in Europe attending the International Council of Women, or directing the work of the Parent-Teachers' Association in America, she is always completely at home. Her executive ability, energy, and enthusiasm made her an eminent leader among the women of America, even before colossal achievement was hers.

The head of the Parent-Teachers' Association became primarily interested in that work because as a mother she understood the necessity of bringing closer together the parents, teachers, and children. She appraised accurately the

value of the American home, the most important influence back of our national government. She recognized that this bulwark stood in sad need of reconstruction. Thus, beginning to build systematically, step by step, a membership was finally accrued which totaled over three hundred thousand.

Mrs. Higgins rarely dangles decisions; she never compromises on an ideal or principle. Her personal experience and contact with children, parents, and teachers provided her with a genuine interest that probably another club-woman would not have possessed.

Life has given her a wide variety of experiences. Reverses and good fortune have both comprised her lot, and she has benefited by one as much as by the other. Her late husband was not always a wealthy man, for he made his own fortune only after many struggles, and the lessons taken from those early days of domestic life left her with indomitable courage and great wisdom. It left her with a propensity for cool, clear-headed judgment, the latter which is so markedly an essential in the direction of those affairs which affect vitally the home, the school, and thus the country.

"The emancipation of women" may be nothing more than imagery, but there is at least tangible evidence following in the footsteps of the recognition of woman's national worth, that women have shown a much greater desire for general knowledge. With this their desire, satiated if only in part, they have shown the world unbelievable progress, and they will continue this functioning of national service.

Mrs. Higgins was satisfied long ago that a large field was open to those who cared to assume responsibility, for that work that is now being promulgated in the Parent-Teachers' Association, and she has derived from this much inspiration.

Honored and admired in her home town of Worcester, Massachusetts, Mrs. Higgins receives no less an ovation wherever her travels bring her to different parts of the country and the world where her work is known.

It is such as she who have brought the value of the Parent-Teachers' Association to the foreground, where even the President of America considers its existence one of our nation's vital influences.

CLOSING HOURS OF THE CONFERENCE

Through all the stress and storm of words and emotions, they have glorified the faith of those who fought and died that mankind might live in peace. They kept their patience in the intricate and delicate moves on the chessboard and ever maintained the confidence of the delegates of the nations. Neither press nor publicist at home or abroad hurl criticisms or impugn the motives of the men giving the world their all of ideals. Here and there the malign but puny railing of the uninformed and uninformed raised a discordant note, drowned in its own miasma of lurking hatred and jealousy of small minds, incapable of grasping large facts and lofty purposes.

They were high above the combat of mere words, were these peacemakers.

At one of the last sessions Mrs. Coolidge, wife of the Vice-President, gave the fireside setting as she sat in her box knitting, while beside her a woman from China chatted the commonplaces, homelike, in the air of gentle domesticity. The people moved noiselessly to their seats over velvet carpets. Flanked by brilliantly uniformed military and naval advisers at the opening, the closure presented an antithesis; no war glory, no panoply or pomp; just simple folks, and the subdued, well-bred conversation that ceased as Secretary Hughes entered and smilingly began his simple recital of a task finished and well done. While the applause lacked the zest of the opening,

it was none the less registration of sympathetic and cordial endorsement. Realization had crowned anticipation.

A gathering of great minds in seeming social conclave greeted Secretary Hughes. He immediately began reading the treaties. He pronounced the Chinese words easily, as became one who in youth absorbed the precisionist Euclid's work. His broad, honest smile was reflected in the faces now grown familiar around the green baize covered table.

As the Right Honorable James Arthur Balfour was thanking the Chinese graciously for their compliments to him for his good offices in the Shantung settlement, he felt a tug at his coat-tails from Lord Lee—and he extended his compliments to the Japanese, with whom he so long had maintained relations marked with mutual confidence. With dramatic emphasis he said: "Great Britain now hands back Wei-Wei-Wei," which meant that the sovereignty of China was restored. He looked at the ceiling, moved the blotter before him, and grasped his coat lapels in conclusive gesture.

Secretary Hughes summed up very carefully the original and basic proposals and checked up the details. Senator Root's presentation of the agreements that banished uncivilized warfare with unrestricted use of poisonous gases and submarines awakened a picture of the terrors that

Continued from page 442

have passed. His "Four Points" loomed up over earth as dominant as the massive heights of the Himalayas. Summarized, the conference adopted agreements that are a limitation of armament of far wider scope than ever dreamed in the effective limitation of war. The naval holiday has become a fixed fact in history. It augurs well for understandings between all nations and promises enduring peace.

For the world will move far Peaceward before 1932, with the strife and competition of naval armament arrested and controlled.

While there were no women delegates present at the Conference, and woman in no wise was an active participant, the power of motherhood never was more hallowed and triumphant than in the scenes enacted within the walls of this now historic hall built by women, which has cradled Hope, reborn in the travail of War.

Her entrance into the political and industrial life of the world; her silent but effectual protest that her man child should no longer be fed to the Moloch of War; her insistent demand that peace be established, that her home and young may be secured to her world—all moved the Conference in spirit far more than words can tell. The primal and protective instinct of motherhood for home and country became an ideal triumphant, now enthroned. Woman was and will be the sheet anchor of hope (Continued on page 476)

"What news on the Rialto?"

A Power of the Fourth Estate

Keeping his finger on the pulse of the world and posting bulletins of its health has been his lifework

GIVE a newspaper a lot of gymnastic exercise, good food, not a mean amount of attention, and it will thrive beautifully!"

Milton A. McRae, newspaper king, and a man who ought to know, will tell you just this. He has had enough class hours in a medical college to know what will keep a person in trim, and what will keep the anatomy free from disease, if put into practice.

The press shop scored ten to one against the medical school when Milton A. McRae swung around to a resolution to enter the former "for keeps." He entered the latter in Detroit in all good faith, and would have continued had he not discovered suddenly that his purse was thinning out, and that the countless philanthropists who should always come to the rescue at a time such as this, to back the hero, were off on a prolonged vacation. Hence our own particular hero "checked out" as gracefully as the conditions would permit, and sent his card in to the city editor of the *Evening News* in Detroit, Michigan.

After the *Evening News* editor was convinced that this breathless young applicant displayed enough flash of the eye to warrant granting his request, he told young McRae he would try him out. Thereupon Milton exhibited the first grain of economy, as it dwelt inside his cotton shirt. He asked the editor to return his calling card. It was the only one he had, and no more were to be had. The editor returned him his own.

Milton strode out triumphantly with his more-than-usual light heart and his then always-as-usual light purse. He came again to the office of the news-shop the next day and there transferred not only his energies from the study of anatomy to the study of type, but the object of his hero-worship changed, too. Aesculapius no longer occupied "a throne of gold." Horace Greeley had usurped his throne.

When people interview Milton A. McRae they usually ponder for a moment on the most striking thing to say. "He has the quick newspaper look in his eye—decisive, dynamic." With that they retire, averring to themselves that the most striking thing about this man was said. If, however, some mortal form composed in part of a poet, of a family, of an H. G. Wells, of a sorceress, and of Solomon, were to attempt a description of this newspaper king, the reader might gather a vague idea as to his person, personage, and personality. Thus far we are still groping among ourselves!

Milton A. McRae used to live on sleeping cars. The broad scope of the U. S. A. is his territory. He can talk to you of something else all day than the price of potatoes, the future of America, the proper percentage of water in the milk to be given babies, or the humor of George Ade. Being a newspaper man of the entire states, he has learned to conserve his opinion in the face of the "all-worldly-wise," because he has a grasp on all threads of opinions, and his time is limited. It does not permit of long arguments.

Mr. McRae's purse is now not so light. His alliance with E. W. Scripps formed the Scripps-McRae League of Newspapers, and as president and general manager of this partnership for a period of years, he kept on tap the Cleveland *Press*, the Cincinnati *Post*, the Toledo *News-Bee*, the Columbus *Citizen*, the Akron *Press* and many

other daily newspapers in different cities. When he was not consolidating two newspapers into one, he was rooting out rust-spots in others. It is said of him that he performed a most extraordinary feat in journalism when he purchased the Toledo *Times*, the only morning newspaper in Toledo, and the two evening newspapers, the Toledo *News* and the Toledo *Bee*, consolidating all of them most successfully.

Being imaginative, restless, and not having quite enough to do, Mr. McRae a little later purchased for the League the Columbus *Citizen*. He founded the Kentucky *Post*, in Covington, Kentucky, and the Akron *Press* in Akron, Ohio. Within a period of six months, five daily newspapers were founded, and today only one of these five has passed into the Land of Eternal Peace.

Born in Detroit in the month of roses in 1858, Milton A. McRae received an academic education during his youth. He lived afterwards in Cincinnati for twenty-five years, and then returned to Detroit. He now spends his winters

in San Diego, California, but every summer brings him back to the mid-West, where he is always welcomed.

Characteristically a man who knows of, and will admit his limitations, he does not often confound a wrong opinion with that of a just opinion on the part of another. Nature gave him an ability to direct, not only masses, forces, and ideas, but a huge personnel as well. There are thousands of men who have worked for him and with him, who first learned the joy and glory of endless toil.

Mr. McRae plays as he works. He knows when to quit, as well as when to begin. That is why now, at sixty, he is in the prime of his life, blessed with as much vitality and magnetism as a man of thirty. At sixty, some men are already aware of the creeping palsy. At sixty Milton McRae is a living, breathing exemplification of a doctor who practised what he prescribed for patients.

The keynote to Mr. McRae's life has been his love of fellow-men, in fact his love of all active life. On the rostrum, he is known as a forceful and rapid-fire speaker. With his Boy Scouts who owe their existence as a unit, to McRae and a few other men, he is known as "the big man easy to talk to!"

He has the distinction of being the only one living of the four original newspaper publishers who organized the American Newspaper Publishers' Association. When Charles A. Dana was president of the old United Press, Milton A. McRae was vice-president, accepting later the presidency of the Publishers' Press Association in New York. Soon enough the Publishers' Press Association, the Scripps-McRae Press Association, and the Scripps News Association were all consolidated under the name of the United Press Association. In the matter of handling evening newspapers, this association has become the largest in the world.

Accredited to his list of refusals, a thing made dramatic in print because of the hugeness of offers, is the refusal to accept the candidacy for election to the United States Senate from the state of Michigan, or the offer of Woodrow Wilson to appoint him a member of the Federal Trade Commission, the presidency of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association of New York, the business management of the New York *World*, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, of the Chicago *Times-Herald* and the Chicago *Evening Post*, and later of all the newspapers Mr. Hearst was publishing at a certain time. With such a list as part of Mr. McRae's personal history, a written endorsement, guaranteeing the worth of the man, and signed by the President himself, would have been less impressive on paper.

"A philanthropist without a tag" is Milton A. McRae. He has turned over to the Y. M. C. A., to the Red Cross, and to various humanitarian coffers, the equivalent of approximately forty years of steady plodding and incessant work; it has been a keen pleasure for him to do this. He has with him a remarkably large army of co-workers whose loyalty is all the more significant because their chief has been obliged to fight countless battles and thereby make numerous foes.

Milton A. McRae's life's experience will not pass into obscurity.



MILTON A. MCRAE

"Doctor of News" would be a fitting title to bestow upon this newspaper king, for surely few other men in the history of the American press have had so varied and extensive an experience in the collection and dissemination of that elusive and intangible symbol of the world's unrest that is known as "news." His is a remarkable record both for length of service and achievement

Getting down to brass tacks

Status of the New Shipping Board

Designed to devise ways and means whereby the merchant marine of America may be developed by private initiative

SINCE last June President Harding has brought about a complete "new deal" in the United States Shipping Board, its spirit and its policies. He made a conspicuously wise choice in securing the acceptance of the Chairmanship of the Board by Mr. Albert D. Lasker of Chicago. Mr. Lasker is first of all a business man, an advertising man, one of the greatest men of a great profession in America. He is an inland man—he made no pretense of technical knowledge of the merchant marine. But he has set himself to master the main principles, and,



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ALBERT D. LASKER
Chairman of the United States Shipping Board

indeed, the main details of the shipping business, and with the help of admirably chosen lieutenants he has mastered these things with a quickness and thoroughness that in any other land than the United States would have been deemed impossible.

One of Chairman Lasker's very first steps was to bring into the service of the Board, not for a few weeks or a few months, but for so long as may be required, a group of extraordinarily able practical shipping men who have been supplying the "know how" to the very great advantage of

By
WINTHROP L. MARVIN
Vice-President American Steamship Owners Association

the government. These gentlemen are the officials of the Emergency Fleet Corporation and their immediate subordinates. They were picked from the very best brains of the American shipping and shipbuilding industry, and the results of their work have splendidly justified the choice.

President Wilson and his Administration were not over-fond of American shipping men. They sought their co-operation during the war because they had to do so, but it is significant that few or none of these practical men remained with the Board after the war ended. "Deserving Democrats" were apparently the men whom the late Administration sought to put into positions of command, and one main cause of the discredit into which the Shipping Board fell with Congress and the country in the months succeeding the war was the straightaway result of headlong partisanship.

All this has changed. The present Shipping Board is a bi-partisan commission composed of real Democrats and real Republicans, all of whom have some direct personal fitness for their responsibilities. It is commonly remarked in shipping circles that Chairman Lasker heads the best Shipping Board probably that could be had. Its work was promptly marked out for it under the Bureau of Traffic, the Bureau of Operations, the Bureau of Construction, the Bureau of Law and the Bureau of Research, each under the immediate charge of a commissioner or commissioners.

These gentlemen deal with a study and determination of broad questions of policy requisite for the maintenance and increase of the merchant marine. It is the real function of the Shipping Board itself, while the highly technical work has been rightly delegated to the expert officials of the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

The result of this sensible division of authority has been almost magical. Both the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation are now functioning in a businesslike way, like the boards and committees of great national business

undertakings. The Emergency Fleet Corporation, headed by a very able and energetic chief, Mr. Joseph W. Powell, formerly the shipbuilding head of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, is directing the operation, maintenance, repair and reconditioning of government ships, the completion of construction work, the sale of vessels, the operation and sale of housing projects, real estate, railroad and other property of the Shipping Board now being closed up, and in general the every-day maritime business end of the Shipping Board's activities. As Chairman Lasker the other day told the House Committee on Appropriations, "The Shipping Board now, for the first time since its creation, has an opportunity to function as a Shipping Board in the manner and spirit intended by the Merchant Marine Act of 1920, and is free to consider and determine those broad questions of policy contemplated under that Act and to devise ways and means whereby in private initiative the merchant marine of America may be developed."

Under this new businesslike administration the personnel of the Shipping Board has been greatly reduced, the inexperienced and incompetent being mercilessly eliminated. Operating losses in the actual handling of ships have been reduced from \$6,000,000 to \$4,000,000 per month. Duplicate services have been taken off. Two ships are no longer being used where one can do the business. Only the best operators have been retained, and on this new and economical basis American commerce is being served better than before. There is no important ocean route where American merchants may not find excellent shipping facilities under the American flag. In some conspicuous cases like the Egyptian cotton trade and the Gulf cotton trade, tact and insistence on the part of officials of the Emergency Fleet Corporation have broken up the ancient European monopolies, and gained a fair proportion of the commerce for American ships. The United States Shipping Board is regarded very differently now by its competitors of other nations of the world.

When, the other day, Chairman Lasker went before the critical House Committee on Appropriations, he gave so good an accounting of his work and was so ably seconded by his lieutenants in their own statements that he secured the \$100,000,000 needed for claims and operations in the next year. He did not get all he asked for in all particulars—in this time of rigorous retrenchment that would have been impossible. But he and the Emergency Fleet Corporation did win a very conspicuous victory, not only with the Appropriations Committee itself, but with the entire House of Representatives. It is anticipated that they will be equally successful in the Senate.

It is unmistakable that the once despised and rejected Shipping Board is going to prove a business success under the new Administration. I am speaking from the standpoint of the private American shipowners who are the competitors of the Board, and probably are not temperamentally the friendliest of critics. Recently the Board has been devoting some of its best energies to the working out of just and practicable constructive policies for the American merchant marine, so that the purpose (Continued on page 477)

"In the days when we went gypsying"

In Old Roumania the Romantic

Land of the nomads, whose picturesque and colorful inhabitants are taking a place in the new industrial life of Europe

PROBABLY the greatest "about face" movement of any peoples, as a result of after war conditions, has been made by the nation which, along with Serbia, was crushed between the millstones of Germany's determination to rule the universe. I have named it Roumania the Romantic, because of the life of its nomadic people. As a boy, I can well recollect the springtime announcement in my home village, that the Gypsies had arrived for their annual visit. The glamor of their picturesque costumes and circus bedecked travelling equipment, has always held its appeal for the average American boy.

Nearly every American is familiar with the life and romance of Queen Carmen Sylvia, who until lately ruled the Roumanians—her writings and compositions are enveloped in that bewitching style, so loved by our people. You may imagine my keen interest and delight, on finding myself during the latter part of 1919, within the boundaries of the land of the nomads, who are called Gypsies, by the Americans. Since that first visit in 1919, it has been my privilege to return to the country a number of times, and make my stay of sufficient length to make a careful study of the people and conditions, their past, and hazard a guess as to their future.

Roumania's present boundaries, which were established as a result of the treaties coming from the war, have made the Danube River a dividing line from Bulgaria on the south. The Dniester River separates Russia on the west. The northern line is formed by Czechoslovakia and that part of Poland known as Galacia Orientale. The western frontier is still guarded by its ancient enemy, Hungary, but the line has been moved back considerably and the state of Transylvania, formerly ruled by the Hapsburgs, is now a part of new Roumania. The extension of territory has also added Bessarabia to Roumania's flag and put more mileage to her sea frontage on the "Mer Noire."

The population of Roumania was approximately seven millions prior to the war, and the added territory has doubled its dependents. While the new additions have brought more responsibilities, more mouths to feed and more bodies to clothe, it has also brought to the nation increased assets in railroad trackage on well built, but poorly equipped railroads, and highways that have been constructed for the wear and tear of military programs.

Roumania from its earliest history has been a land of war and strife, and it is little wonder that the people have been more or less unstable in their industrial pursuits and habits. Since the early nineties, and especially during the decade immediately preceding the war, the timber industry progressed very materially. About one-sixth of the country is covered with virgin forests, whose value is beyond estimate. The agricultural development has maintained a steady growth, as evidenced by the increasing exports of grain.

Most of the country is rolling plain and closely resembles our own great southwestern states of Kansas and Nebraska. Indeed in many sections the appearance is very closely akin to Oklahoma with its countless oil rigs and derricks. Roumania has been an important factor in the

By
MAJOR J. L. MACSWIGGEN

development of oil, and her resources are vast. Germany had long looked with eager eyes at this treasure, being developed with French and English capital, consequently when the dogs of war were unleashed in 1914, Roumania was



MARIE, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

She is a great admirer of America and American business methods, and her desire for co-operation between the two countries is shown in the selection of Roumania's most able diplomat to be minister at Washington

quick to feel the mailed fist of Mackensen, the Prussian Field Marshal, who decided to strip the country of everything which was movable, as he marched with his hordes on the way to the Bosphorus. Agricultural implements, railroad cars and engines, horses, foodstuffs and even great quantities of household utensils were taken

from the defenceless people. When the Brest-Litovsk parley took place and Roumania was given an ultimatum, the country could not do otherwise than accept—she was stripped naked and surrounded by enemies on all sides, with the exception of Russia, for soon the revolution took place, and Bolshevik Russia was also placed among those listed as enemies with a greedy desire to take what remained of the stricken nation and envelop it within the scope of its activities.

With its face toward the future, Roumania the Romantic is meeting the realities of the new world conditions with stoic belief in the hope that was raised by America's stand in the interest of justice and humanity. One important element in holding a disturbed people together—leadership, which is sorely lacking in several of the new European states—is not absent in Roumania. King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Roumania are leaders of their people, beloved and obeyed.

One of the most pleasant remembrances of my European experience was a visit which I had with the Queen of the Roumanians in Bucharest, during the early months of 1920. At that time Americans were very scarce in that section of Europe, so the usual formalities were waived, when my request for an interview was presented. The Queen was busy preparing for her visit to Paris and London, which proved to be so profitable for her country. I arrived at the Royal Palace just prior to lunch time, and was permitted to knock on the front door without being molested by a soldier. The Queen received me in her office, and contrary to my former experiences in calling on members of Royal households, she did not keep me waiting, arriving within a few moments after I had been ushered into the room.

Queen Marie is a stateswoman of high order, endowed with a personality which is most unusual and winning. Of medium height and with a clear, straightforward piercing gaze, she fired questions at me like a machine gun barrage. Our conversation was entirely in French, which rolled from her tongue in musical tones. She told me of the wonderful assistance which had been rendered her nation by the American Red Cross Commission, under the leadership of Dr. Anderson, of Richmond, Virginia, during the early days of the conflict. Her high regard for American methods of industrial development was freely and frankly stated. The most remarkable statement which she made was "That if they (I do not know to whom she referred, but have an idea), would only give her the opportunity, she would bind the people of her kingdom to America in an unseparable way."

From the observations which I have made on subsequent trips to Roumania, I am very much inclined to believe that the ideas germinated by those one hundred per cent Americans who went down into the land to battle disease and death, are now beginning to move about. Queen Marie is really a remarkable power among her people; she is alert to detect each new situation which confronts her nation, and this was quite ably demonstrated in the manner in which Bolshevism was counteracted in its early stages.

As stated, part of New Roumania was formerly known as Bessarabia, a Roumanian province that

has been under German domination only during a hundred years; and in addition to taking over quite a large population from Russia, she inherited thousands of war's left-overs or refugees.



PRINCESS BIBESCO

Her famous mother, Margot Asquith, whose book shocked England and amazed America, is now lecturing in this country

and added to this lot came the hordes who fled in advance of General Wrangel's retreat. Lenin and Trotzky at one time almost had Roumania in their grasp, but the cleverness of Queen Marie stopped the movement and turned the tide. To accomplish this result, she simply had a mandate issued, giving the estates, or large portions of them, to her subjects in order that they may have an opportunity to work out an existence. Another popular move on the part of the Queen was the act of taking her army and moving into Hungary to rescue the material which had been carried away by Mackinsen. She not only got material back by this move, but also eclipsed Bela Kun and practically put an end to his regime.

Although the peasant life in Roumania is distressing to the extreme, according to our standards and beliefs, and the actual need for the necessities of life very great, yet with the courage of true warriors, bound to succeed, they are awakening.

The ministry which has just reached power in Roumania is a ministry headed by Mr. Bratiano, the chief of the Liberal party, who, in 1916, brought Roumania into the war, who, in 1917, started the law by which land is taken from big land owners and given to the smaller farmers. His brother, Vintila Bratiano, is minister of finance, one of the ablest financiers of Roumania, who realizes that the economic rehabilitation of Roumania is not a matter of days, but of years, and has established a very complete program which covers the whole ground.

The minister of foreign affairs, Mr. Jean Duca, is one of the youngest members of the cabinet,

one of the most able members, having a twenty-year-old experience of foreign questions.

By its cabinet Roumania will really be able to reach a firm ground where she will be able to develop all her riches and her potential wealth.

A great part of the country, especially along the Danube and the northern boundary, suffered extensive devastation from the conflict of 1914-18 and later strife. Bucarest, the capital, is a veritable second Paris, where gayety and life abound to its fullest degree. One would never imagine that such distressing outside conditions obtained, from witnessing the scenes in Bucarest. Galatz, at the mouth of the Danube, now a free international waterway, serving as a means of approach to Hungary, Austria and

He is a tall, dark-eyed gentleman, with black hair parted in the middle, and with a poise which be-speaks good judgment. He speaks excellent English and has the art of making his interviewer discuss what is most interesting to him, rather than forcing the subject in the blunt western style. Prince Bibesco is married to an English girl, the daughter of former Premier Asquith and Margot Asquith, whose book on war rocked staid old Britain.

Princess Bibesco has just finished a book, "I Have only Myself to Blame," which has set part of America and the whole of England talking. A new method and a new spirit have been applied to the treatment of psychology. And she has also finished a play, "Points of View," which is shortly going to be produced either in London or in America.

In an afternoon call the serving of tea alone was an indication of why during the war Roumania remained favorably disposed toward England and the Allies.

The two-year old daughter, the little Princess, entering the room commanded attention. She was a home ruler. A prouder father never took his babe in his arms. Smiling, he said, "Here is a real little American for you."

The diplomatic career of Prince Bibesco has



PRINCE BIBESCO

Roumanian Minister to America, an author of note as well as one of the most able diplomats of the day

been very remarkable—in fact he is looked upon as one of the most able diplomats of the day.

As we sat in the shadow of the late afternoon, while his mind was absorbed with romance and visions, there was a practical trend to the conversation when he observed, "What we need in Roumania is the same development that you have in your western oil fields. Do you realize that Roumania is almost as near to New York as some of your Western states? We feel that the war has brought us very much closer to America, and we want your co-operation."

In the room was furniture that indicated the triumph of handcraft-woodwork inlaid with ivory, pictures, bits of furniture and paintings that reflected the artistic angle of Roumania.

The coloring of the landscape, the Byzantine architecture of its churches and buildings, the wholesome cheerfulness of its people, who revel in a carefree life of music and song, with their harps and guitars, romping now, as they always have romped, make for this brave, hopeful little nation a picture which is well entitled—Roumania the Romantic.

"He lives to build—not boast"

Building Schoolhouses is his Hobby

Almost an endless chain of school buildings all over the country attest the constructive genius of this architect

WHAT a choice experience it is to discover in a friend of long acquaintance elements of the genius which, because they were modestly suppressed in friendly intercourse, you have failed to observe!

Instinct comes from within. Information, from others. But where modesty and reserve step into the room, there is little room left for information and revelation.

So it has been my experience to meet Elmer Smith Bailey merely as a big, easy-going fraternity member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery. I marched with him in the ranks of the A. H. A. and knew only that his middle name was typically American and that his "lope" compared favorably with his stature. Not long after we had occasion to meet again, but after we had indulged in mutual complimentary talk I felt myself cheated somehow. I was being ushered into nothing more private in his "house of thoughts" than that he was an architect.

One day, however, he chanced to remark in the midst of some minor discussion, "Do you know there are twenty-five thousand school children burned up every year?"

I pricked up my ears and immediately settled a supposition in my mind that his hobby was schoolhouses. It was. Not only school houses, but systems of fire prevention that could be evolved whereby this annual fatality record could be minimized.

Another day we were standing near the site of the first schoolhouse ever supported by taxation. It was while Mr. Bailey was talking to me of what he hoped to do in the construction of future school buildings that I observed the flush of a crusader in this artist, big of stature, big in brain, and big of heart. There was hardly a touch of the professional note of unconcern in his voice as he fairly floored me with these startling statistics:

"Do you know that there are five million school children who have no place to sit in school? Do you know that unsanitary and unhygienic construction of school buildings are responsible for a casualty list far greater even than war itself? These children are not given a fair chance even for defense. They are mowed down by what is directly our carelessness."

It was the one and only time I ever saw my good-natured friend fired with the spirit of a cavalier. I knew by this time Elmer Smith Bailey was some "particular" architect, and not only "an" architect. I looked him up in the Architect's Registry, 103 Park Avenue, New York City, and discovered he was an architect who had built an endless chain of schoolhouses, probably more than any other one man in the world.

Which goes to show the longer one knows a friend, the less one knows of him.

Unassuming Elmer Smith Bailey would hardly convince the most sanguine stranger of the genius contained within him. He is a character who sacrifices the cream of popular favor just for the maintenance of a habit he contracted early in life—that of letting the next fellow do the boasting.

"If you deserve it, you'll get it," he tells me. He would take decidedly strenuous measures to strangle a protest that may come from some

good friend who has heard Elmer under-estimated, rather than undeceive the stranger. There remains only a handful of rarities such as he!

Bailey has made a life study of fatalities caused by fire in school edifices. He was on the grounds a few hours after the great Collingswood hol-



ELMER SMITH BAILEY

An architect whose work has attracted attention all over the world. He specializes on school buildings, and has evolved a fool-proof device for the elimination of fire danger from school children

caust, where so many children and teachers lost their lives. Scenes such as these have made such a profound impression upon him that they resolved themselves into an earnest purpose on his part, to provide remedies for the diminution of fatalities such as these, his life's work. Today he has succeeded in evolving a basic remedy that is fool-proof. It may be incorporated without extra expense or injury into school buildings.

His architectural work has attracted attention all over the world where he has executed plans that have awarded him gold medals. His latest contract made him advisory and supervising architect for the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, presented by the British people through the Honorable Artillery Company of London for the British Empire.

Elmer Smith Bailey is a philosopher. He delves into the psychology of school buildings

and comes out insisting that the buildings of a people reflect faithfully the dominant tendencies of its ideals and pursuits. He says:

"As the public school concerns more intimately and directly a larger number of persons than any other public edifice, and since its design may affect for better or for worse, not only the educational work and administration of the school, but the health and happiness and even morals of the pupils, the principles which should govern its design, have been made the subject of special study for many years past by the health authorities, as well as the educational boards of all the more highly civilized countries and communities.

"Dr. Hamlin of Columbia says, 'The school-houses of any community are the gauges of its enlightenment.' I believe they should be the best and most carefully-constructed buildings it possesses; not the most splendid and ornate, but perfect in design and complete and thorough in execution and equipment."

Among the thousands of letters which this architect has received concerning his work, there is one thing that always seemed to be concluded aside from his genius as an architect, and that is his method of "arriving"—his open honesty, painstaking care and his knowledge of the best thing to be done.

In a letter from the Massachusetts Commissioner of Education, Mr. Payson Smith says:

"I am glad to commend to government agencies having construction work in hand, Mr. Elmer Smith Bailey, having had plans of his come under my notice while I was State Superintendent of Schools in Maine. I have seen a number of examples of Mr. Bailey's work, and have noted that it is characterized by painstaking care and shows the result of a thorough knowledge of the best principles of building construction as applied to the needs of the schools."

Mr. Bailey has been made advisory, consulting and supervising architect on the Practical Arts' High School, West Side High School, Franklin Street Graded School, and all the school administrative offices of the city of Manchester, New Hampshire, a contract costing \$2,250,000, the largest single contract given any architect in New England on public schools. By systematizing them he has saved the taxpayers over \$300,000.

Other work of especial interest to this architect was the execution of plans for the State of Massachusetts, which won him the Grand Prix at the Paris Exposition, also the Bronze Medal for modern school buildings, in competition with French, English, Italian and German architects.

He executed plans for the Argentine Government of eleven school buildings for the National Museum at Buenos Aires. He was appointed advisory architect for the city of Stamford, Connecticut, on the Henry Street School after the committee saw his work in their neighboring town of Stratford.

These appointments are but a drop in the bucket, comparatively speaking.

Mr. Bailey "believes" in his work; in a future that will bring enlightenment to a rational people whose objective is welfare work; the type that look out through the windows of their houses upon a needy world. (Continued on page 45)

"These are thy glorious works"

Founder of the Franklin Square House

"The House that Love built," where seventy-five thousand girls have lived in peace and safety, stands as his everlasting monument

SINCE "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," George Landor Perin is living and will ever continue to live among the friends and the activities that engaged his warm heart, his willing hands, and his alert mind during the many task-filled and love-crowned years of his splendid life. He was specially blest in his wonderful capacity for doing things. In him was combined the dreamer and the doer of great achievements. He was architect and builder in one. He was a man of vision, with the faith and the hope and the strength to make his dreams come true. Within his own irresistible self he constituted a close corporation of head and heart and hand. His ability and determination to do inspired others to greater striving and greater achievement. He was great in big things because he was great in simple things. If a thing ought to be done, his purpose and his passion was to do it. He liked hard work. He never asked for lighter burdens, but for more strength. He did not wait for those who were to survive him to build his monument; he designed and built his own. It will stand as long as love and the conscious regard for the needs of our fellowmen shall endure. He might have made a great success in business as it is measured in the industrial world.

But where others were interested in making thousands of dollars, he was making thousands of friends.

George Landor Perin was born July 31, 1854, in Independence, Iowa. His parents moved to Oregon when he was a young boy, making the trip across the country in a "prairie schooner," a wagon with a tent-like, canvas cover. He attended school at Willamette University, Oregon. In 1875 he went to the St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York, from which college he was graduated. He entered the Universalist ministry; his first parish was at Kent, Ohio. In 1883 he became pastor of the Shawmut Universalist Church, Boston. In 1890 he went to Japan and started the Universalist mission in that country. On his return he was again made pastor of the Shawmut Universalist Church, which became known as "The Every Day Church"—an institutional church. It was there he saw the need of a home for girls. The story of the founding of the Franklin Square House in 1902 is best told in these words of the Rev. Charles Conklin, D.D., the lifelong and intimate friend of Dr. Perin, who delivered the sermon at the memorial service held for Dr. Perin in the Beacon Church, Brookline, Massachusetts, January 1, 1922:

"And now it is time to tell about another adventure of faith, the establishment of the Franklin Square House for Girls.

"Dr. Perin realized, as few have ever realized, the need of such an establishment. The multitudes of girls flocking to the great city to attend its numerous schools, to work in its vast department stores, in some cases hundreds of miles away from home, young girls and matrons visiting the city for a number of days or weeks—where could they go to find abiding places? The North End and the West End were quite impossible; the aristocratic Back Bay would open no doors to them; the suburbs—well, there were carfares twice a day, six days a week, and the

lunches. Where could they go but to the South End, the hall bedroom, the upper chamber, with no parlor rights? Such conditions were anything but ideal.

"Following the vision came the great adventure in faith again, the miraculous results of which are more than a twice-told tale.

"There it stands, the finest monument to a great man's faith in God and love for humanity

witnessed it, has stood by this great man in all these later adventures, to encourage, to inspire, to comfort and to bless—in sickness and in health, until death shall part, how well she has kept the vow! And the son whom she bore to him and who bears his father's honored name—who can estimate the comfort this gift has been to Dr. Perin? What an inspiration it shall be to this youth to worthily bear that name!"

A most interesting volume could be written about the Franklin Square House for Girls, with its six hundred and fifty rooms, taking care of eight hundred and fifty girls. Every country in the world—including far-away China, Japan, and Australia—has been represented, as well as every state of our own United States. In the course of a single year the great "Mother Mine House" has had more than six thousand guests. It is non-sectarian, every denomination being represented. Nearly a third of the girls at the Franklin Square House are students registered in thirty different schools and colleges in Boston.

The library, the reading-room, laundry and the hospital service is free to all the guests of the house. The Grandin Recreation Hall, as large as any hall in any Boston hotel, and the Haynes Hall, with large pipe organ, afford fine means and opportunity for holding social, educational and character-strengthening getting-togethers. Many persons of prominence; authors, musicians, and artists of all classes, deem it a privilege to appear before the guests of the Franklin Square House for Girls. In his memorial address, the Rev. Charles Conklin stated that poets had sung the praises of the Franklin Square House. This has been true to a marked degree. What the poets have said has expressed the love that all who knew Dr. Perin and his great work have felt for him and his splendid achievement. Perhaps the printing herewith of one of many such tributes will express in a concrete form the public's attitude of mind toward the Franklin Square House, the institution that has done such splendid service in the past and which, with firm and loving hands to guide it, will continue to be "The biggest mother in Boston." The following appreciation was dedicated to George Landor Perin, founder of the Franklin Square House for Girls:

THE HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS

It is true strong hands have laid the walls
With the builder's finest arts,
But the power we know that made it grow
Was the power of human hearts.
And so in the midst of the city's roar
So steady and staunch it stands,
Where the busy throng goes all day long,
The House Not Made With Hands.

And here for a thousand years and more
To shelter our girlhood pure,
Though every wall about it fall,
This house shall still endure.
For founded it is on the rock of love,
And not on trade's weak sands,
And storms may break, but they never can shake
The House Not Made With Hands.

And what of the Master Builder, he
Who has toiled with heart and brain,
And given his years and his blood and tears
When it sometimes seemed in vain?
We know for him there's another house
That ready and waiting stands
On the Shining Shore when his work is o'er,
A House Not Made With Hands.

—Edward Everett Hale



THE LATE GEORGE L. PERIN, D.D.
Founder of the Franklin Square House
for Girls in Boston

that you shall find in Boston today. Gifted poets have sung its praises and their songs have been set to music. Priests and rabbis and ministers of every creed have blessed it at their altars. Seventy-five thousand girls have counted it a privilege to live in peace and safety within its consecrated walls. Fathers and mothers have remembered it in their fireside prayers in a thousand homes, and in ten thousand homes a tender affection is felt for those who, at this great shrine of human goodness, have ministered to their dear ones far away from the old nesting places. 'The House that Love Built' it has been well named.

"At this point may I just mention, as delicately as I can, the share that one living has had in all this visioning and all this realization—one who with brave and loving heart and a devotion that shall never be forgotten by those who have

Nothing is certain but death and taxes—Ben Franklin

The Human Side of Taxation

The inevitable and ever-recurring question of making up tax statements and some of the reasons why

WHY don't they make the forms simpler?" "Why don't they just let me tell them what my income is and not bother with requiring all this unnecessary information?" "Why don't they tax the rich man and let my little income alone?" etc.

How often these questions are heard during tax time is only known to the so-called tax expert, but they reflect the state of mind of a great many people.

To the tax man tax time is "heller" than war. The soldier can fight and find rest in death. The tax man must face the enemy without striking back; he must answer many irrelevant questions for each morsel of relevant material incident to the making of a return; he must be able to discern what the taxpayer "meant" to say; he must be able to induce the unwilling to disgorge and the reluctant to tell the truth. He is the nearest to the government of any intermediary between the tax payer and the treasury department, and therefore is supposed to absorb the taxpayer's sentiments and add them to the return. He must act as a buffer between the much-abused Congress and the great public. He must listen attentively to the shortcomings of our government and agree that the legislators who have been getting both ears full each and every day for many months are really amateurs in the enactment of just and equitable tax measures. It surely is a great life if you don't weaken—until after March 15th.

What is the cause of this confusion, of this upheaval in the comparative calm. First, war; second, indifference; third, politics.

We can hardly realize the enormous economic change incident to the jump from an annual budget of \$1,000,000,000 to one of \$5,000,000,000. When we stop to think what a nice little roll one thousand dollars is and then multiply that by one million, we have some idea of the amount of money needed to operate our national government each year before the war. Then to multiply this stupendous sum by five we have the almost unimaginable expenditure of our national government for each recent year, in addition to piling up an indebtedness of over \$20,000,000,000. Such drastic overnight demands on our pocketbook could hardly do else than to knock our well settled and moderate idea of taxation into a cocked hat.

Before the war, no one particularly felt the expense of government, therefore few paid serious attention to what was done or why it was done. It was being operated economically enough—why worry? The average American doesn't worry about expense so long as there is enough on pay day to go around. Very good, except for the old adage, "It is too late to lock the barn door," etc. We haven't done any worrying about the appropriations, but, oh my, what a change of contour when the government submits a form for us to fill up so that we can pay our share of the bills. So long as the other fellow paid the taxes, or so long as they were assessed against us indirectly, we were satisfied, but when the time came, as necessity required, that we were called upon to pay our good money for taxes in the form of taxes we began to abuse Congress, damn the inventor of the intricate tax forms and to generally sit up and take notice.

I believe this is a good frame of mind to get the general public into. When our shoes pinch, we must get a new pair. By the way, if you want a slight diversion from the usual run of entertainment and excitement, take a few hours off some evening and devise a tax form which will

prove that our enthusiasm lacks sincerity. We persistently refuse to recognize the simple fact that for each expenditure there must be a corresponding appropriation or tax. So long as Congress and our state legislatures are left to hear only the pleas of the lobbyist and persons with special interests to advance during the time that bills involving expenditures are before it for consideration, we can hardly blame them for forgetting the neglectful masses.

When the taxpayers will take an active interest in legislation calling for appropriations, they can be of great aid to the law-makers by their moral support in expediting legislation, in demanding a few night sessions at the commencement of a bill's journey rather than at the finish, by demanding that the chewing gum interests take a back seat for the important matters demanding consideration, by insisting that the "grand stand" lawmakers be restricted as to the valuable time which they can consume in ostensibly fostering the "peepul's" interest, but, as a matter of fact, in attempting to ingratiate themselves with their constituency by advancing what they know to be impossible or impracticable bills or amendments. Congress is ready to do whatever is demanded by a reasonable majority—it stands to reason that it must.

As to the wail that the rich and prosperous should stand the brunt of the tax, rest assured that they do. Congress has not overlooked any logical or practical means of making the wealthy man disgorge to the limit. But the reasonable man realizes, or should realize, that if you don't leave some incentive for a man to earn or accumulate wealth, then that man is a liability rather than an asset to the country.

If the government could, as some radicals desire, tax a business for practically all of its profits, it would naturally have the pleasure of taking the business over and making its own profit. Have we ever seen the government make a success of a business project? The rich man who perhaps pays fifty per cent to sixty per cent of certain of his income to the Federal government, and possibly some more to the local government, is inclined to say "Why should I exert myself to earn more—why should I attempt to enlarge my business—why should I seek new ventures where I may possibly make some money? It means nothing to me, the government is going to get by far the lion's share of any profits, and I will have to stand the whole of any losses—therefore I will not take the risk." You and I would do the same. There can be no incentive without financial reward or honor, and there is not much of either in working for the government. Is it not better to encourage large earnings so long as a material part thereof accrues to the benefit of the government's tax fund. Why kill the goose, etc.?

The writer has conferred with many men of wealth with regard to their tax returns, and he has found very few who are unwilling to do their full duty in carrying out a just and equitable tax. But the man of wealth is just as human as the rest of us. He does not derive unalloyed pleasure from the payment of taxes, although he has to bear a heavier load by far in proportion to his income than the man of smaller means. We say, "Well, he ought to." Yes, but if we



HARRY N. ANDREWS
Tax Expert

meet the requirements of 500,000 people, each of whom has a little different story to tell about his or her financial status in this vale of tears.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts recently appropriated over \$20,000,000 to be distributed to ex-soldiers in the form of bonuses. But one lone representative opposed the measure at the time of passage, but what a commotion when the different taxes to raise this sum were laid before the public for payment. If the appropriation could precede the expenditure by one year, that is, if the state were obliged to actually collect the money before disbursement, I believe our problem would be well on its way toward solution. It is unfortunate that hindsight is so much better than foresight.

We are all inclined to be enthusiastic and sentimental when our beloved ex-soldiers and school teachers are appealing for consideration; but the fact that we criticize our tax burdens goes

sputter over our small load, we must realize that he is justified in doing the same with his heavier load.

We criticize the expensive and unbusinesslike government. Let us see if they are wholly to blame. Take the local government, for instance.

A cry arises that school teachers are inadequately compensated. Admit that they are. Many communities expend as high as sixty per cent of their income for school purposes. It does not take a great deal of reasoning to see that an increase in teachers' compensation means a corresponding increase in the tax rate. Of course the same applies with regard to policemen and firemen who, during the war, received favorable consideration by most of our local governments. Likewise in our Federal government, we concluded that Germany was entitled to a thrashing. Did we stop to think that the result would be that eighty-seven per cent of our entire income would go to the war machine?

It is almost unbelievable that an educated, civilized people should get useful benefit from only thirteen per cent of its billions of tax revenue, especially when such a vast amount of good could be done were only a fractional part of this stupendous sum diverted to channels of upbuilding from those of destruction and waste.

If any Senator should propose a bill calling for an expenditure of one billion dollars for good roads, educational facilities, dwelling houses, farm projects, or other similar ventures which would directly benefit us all, he would be pointed out either as a man who had lost his mind or as a demagogue. But why should it be so preposterous? Doesn't the actual existing state of affairs demand something more than theorizing?

We must reverse the order of concentrating all of our attention on tax legislation and giving practically no consideration to appropriation bills. It ought not to be difficult to understand that we must appropriate funds to meet our mode of living, and that if we are to relieve our tax burden, it can only be done by changing our procedure. We cannot maintain billionaire war machines, pay large sums in bonuses, retain swarms of public servants at war salaries, subsidize shipping, and continue other practices of a similar nature and at the same time reduce taxes.

Do we vote for public officials because they are good business men, fearless and active, or do we vote for the "good fellow," who may be a good orator and perhaps the member of a certain lodge or club? We must be brought to realize that our public officials should be selected in the same manner as officials of a large and prosperous corporation are selected—purely on the cold-blooded application of the query, "Is he the best fitted man for the job?" When we get to the stage where we will vote for a man for public office whom we may dislike personally, but who we know will give a business administration free from favor or discrimination of any kind, then we will have gone a long way toward reducing taxes. It is our duty not only to vote for such a person, but to assist his election by advancing the argument of adaptability over personality. In order to get good fruit you must have good stock.

The third reason for the tax dilemma—politics. Congress is confronted with a big man's job and is laboring under the strain of attempting to harmonize many divergent interests—some worthy and many not. It ought to tackle the job like big men. Would any large business

corporation dilly dally with their questions of great moment? Most certainly not. It is necessary to give due consideration to large questions—but why hesitate when the time comes to act? No minor interests can keep a business corporation blocked. Each department must subordinate its selfish interests to the general good of the corporation. The public look to Congress to do the same. Who have been our big leaders—those who guarded jealously the rights of their immediate constituents, or those who have tactfully subordinated such rights to the welfare of the country at large? Any disrespect for Congress is, I believe, due to this unbusinesslike delay and haggling without getting anywhere. When an important measure is up for consideration, why not give it the business man's treatment—go to it morning, noon, and night until it is settled? Congress gets into the heat of a subject and then adjourns. It ought not to take six months to ventilate and legislate a tax bill. It is this clamoring of Congress during the progress of a tax bill which brings it into disrepute with the public, particularly with the business man, who, to a great degree, moulds public opinion.

As this article is being written, Congress is all upset over how far to exempt the little fellow and how stiff to tax the big fellow and the big corporation. If they would take the bit in their teeth and do something, they would fare much better in the estimation of the public. The delay indicates uncertainty, and the public doesn't like indecision. Speaker "Joe" Cannon was called a czar, but he got action and put things over quicker than they have been able to do so since his regime. That is what the American wants and should have—action and decision that will control and concentrate upon results.

BUILDING SCHOOLHOUSES IS HIS HOBBY

Continued from page 449

In connection with the disposal of the public relative to their interests in the erection of school buildings he says:

"As a rule, the people mean to be generous to their schools, and it requires only the diffusion among them of correct information on the subject, to secure all that is necessary for the erection of suitable and creditable school edifices. What more suitable memorial, in keeping with the spirit of the times, could you be called upon to dedicate to the brave sons of the late war that assisted in bringing about this new era of affairs?

"Elaborate but disproportionate masses of masonry ornamented with rich furniture, elegant tables and even bronze tablets, are secondary objects of grandeur, which dazzle only vulgar capacities and are no sooner past than forgot; but the erection of such a school edifice would be a lasting monument, command universal attention and record to latest posterity the greatness, dignity, virtues and achievements of those they commemorate."

Every architect entrusted with planning a school building is confronted with the problem of satisfying the citizens in regard to the appearance of the building, of satisfying them that it will meet the needs of the educators, and that it will be so sanely and permanently constructed that its maintenance will not be a burden to the taxpayers. Elmer Bailey has accomplished this.

"These results I have obtained through a perfect working organization," says Mr. Bailey, "with a harmonious and equitable disposition toward all."

It is certainly so. In directing his work, Elmer Bailey seems to derive even more than the

prescribed amount of labor, which does not suffer lack of quality, out of his associates, probably because he has never been accustomed to employ that strident note of command in directing his armies. Yet all down the line are commanders who are so particular about service, figures, and the minutest of details, men who are adapting themselves to the wishes of a General who knows what he wants and is, therefore, accurate of measurement.

Mr. Bailey is a bachelor. His only dream at any and all times has been school buildings. In the first street in Boston, where for many years it was possible to buy everything, this lone architect smokes his Arcadian mixture placidly and is interrupted in idle dreams only by the haunts of Washington and Lafayette. For it is known, Mr. Bailey occupies the very building known as the Cornhill Tavern, where in Colonial days Washington often slept.

His place is located at No. 33 Cornhill. Joining Franklin Street, which is not over fifty feet in length (the shortest street in the world) was located this old Cornhill tavern. It is recorded that its beams are so very low Washington was compelled to bow his head under them when ascending the stairs to his chamber. Under these same beams bowed Lafayette, for he, too, was a guest at this historic tavern.

The tap-room opened on Brattle Street, but the stately façade was on Cornhill, named so in affectionate remembrance of London town. The building is constructed with Denmark bricks, laid in Rosendale cement—a cement so hard that it would turn the point of a chisel today.

Every Bostonian knows that in Cornhill Row the most exquisite, tattered second-hand books can be procured for a mere song; and who is there that would not count himself a proud possessor of a Dickens or Chaucer or a Lamb picked up on Cornhill?

Prior to accepting lodgings in the old Cornhill tavern, Mr. Bailey lived in the close neighborhood of the house in which Bullfinch, the world-famed architect, resided. This artist, as will be recorded in history, built the dome and the Capitol in Washington, a piece of work for which he received illustrious tribute the world over.

It is more than barely possible that Elmer Smith Bailey as a boy was fired to attain as great heights as his past neighbor. It is more than probable he received much residual inspiration out of the life he lived when growing up in that neighborhood.

Just as the old Cornhill Tavern has remained an historic place, given prolonged life because of the visitors who came there and who helped to make it a famous resort, so will Elmer Smith Bailey's schoolhouses survive the ravages of fashion and the scythe, because they are architectonic works and because the architect combined all the energy of a noble purpose in the mixing of his mortar and plaster.

At least the work of this designer will endure long after the school children, who have at one time or another made the school their home, have passed on. There is even a probability that in the very near future we will hear of the "Bailey School," and the term will stand as a criterion that the highest possible efficiency is contained in these constructions.

"... and in your place

"Stood Silence with her lifted face"

She whose inspired poems have brought comfort to myriads of bruised hearts has herself seen "The opening of the outer gate"

WITH the passing on of Mrs. Ellen M. Huntington Gates, the youngest sister of Collis P. Huntington, and widow of the late I. E. Gates, the world has lost one of its most gifted poets, one with a kind heart and a truly noble soul.

Born in Torrington, Connecticut, broad-minded by nature, possessing a rare personality of refinement and graciousness, and having had the benefit of a liberal education, together with wide travel, her culture enabled her to shape her great imagination and tender thoughts into captivating and forcible expression. Her ideals and aspirations were quickened by a poetic fancy that gave them the character of inspiration.

"The Marble House" is the title she selected for a complete collection of her exquisite poems, which have recently been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Critics have declared them to be American classics. Simple, direct expression of thought is characteristic of nearly every one of her utterances. A mystic, minor chord like that of Russian music is the keynote of many of the verses, but it never descends to the depth of despair, for even at the close of the saddest poem there is a gleam of hope and of confidence which comes from the spiritual element that dignifies it.

Mrs. Gates, while at no period of her life devoting herself entirely to writing, has enriched the world of poetry made from time to time as subjects have impressed themselves strongly upon her. Joubert, in his "Pensees" says: "All good verses are like impromptus made at leisure." Her poems which appeared in "The Treasures of Kurium" have appealed to all lovers of fine poetry. A masterpiece is "The Body to the Soul," which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, August, 1899. Other notable productions are those entitled "The Unborn Peoples," "My Shadow," "We Love but Few," "The Last Meeting," and "The Dark."

It is when life is unable to endure the pain of silence that it breaks into a cry which is poetry—and in poetry all art is included. Mrs. Gates was especially happy in her child verse, which is marked by rare delicacy of interpretation and is distinguished as, in fact, her work in general is, by careful and very satisfactory workmanship. "The Children's Country" was first published in *St. Nicholas*.

In many a home in this country and abroad there is displayed in the guest chamber a message of trust, the simple beauty of which makes an instant appeal to the reader as follows:

SLEEP SWEET

Sleep sweet within this quiet room,
O thou! who'er thou art;
And let no mournful yesterday
Disturb thy peaceful heart.
Nor let tomorrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless Friend,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each feverish light;
The stars are watching overhead—
Sleep sweet,—Good Night! Good Night!

As familiar as these lines are, it is a curious fact that for many years few knew their true authorship, and there have been a number of claimants to the distinction of having written them. However, this is the true statement of

its origin. Mrs. Gates was living in Elizabeth, New Jersey, when she composed the lines in response to a request made by her friend, Mrs. G. W. Eaton of Hamilton, New York, wife of the president of Madison, now Colgate University. Mrs. Eaton was putting a silk quilt together and desired something in the way of an inscription to be placed upon it. She requested Mrs. Gates to write a sentiment for it. The poem as originally phrased was the same as that which has such wide circulation today, with the exception that the first line read:

"Sleep sweet beneath this silken quilt."

Mrs. Eaton was delighted with her friend's verse. The lines were painted on a square of olive green silk by Miss Maria Holley (Mrs. Sheldon of Bennington, Vermont). It was she



THE LATE MRS. ELLEN M. HUNTINGTON GATES
Who during the course of a long and beautiful life
found in writing poetry a means of expression for
her vivid imagination and tender thoughts. Some of
her best-known poems have almost the character of
inspiration and have brought comfort and peace to
many troubled and sorrowing souls

who afterward, wishing to paint them on oak panels, changed the line "Sleep sweet beneath this silken quilt" to "Sleep sweet within this quiet room." It was not long after that the verse found its way into print, anonymously. Many persons of artistic taste have made copies of the poem, decorating them in ways appealing to the individual fancy. One of the handsomest of them is a brass tablet with the poem etched upon it, designed to be hung upon or set into the wall.

One of the most beautiful poems, "I Shall Not Cry Return," was written a few years ago. The poem awakens in one the sadness that attends all delicate beauty, yet its fairy weight plumbs a deeper sea than that. It touches one with an enchanter's wand, sealing one's eyes for the moment to the world we know, filling one's mood with the dim sense of loss and wistfulness for the irrevocable years. It is here-with printed with the kind permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons:

I SHALL NOT CRY RETURN

I shall not cry Return! Return!
Nor weep my years away;
But just as long as sunsets burn,
And dawns make no delay,
I shall be lonesome—I shall miss
Your hand, your voice, your smile, your kiss.

Not often shall I speak your name,
For what would strangers care
That once a sudden tempest came
And swept my gardens bare,
And then you passed, and in your place
Stood Silence with her lifted face.

Not always shall this parting be,
For though I travel slow,
I, too, may claim eternity
And find the way you go;
And so I do my task and wait
The opening of the outer gate.

Several of the poems written by Mrs. Gates have been widely used in religious gatherings, two of the best known being "Your Mission" and "Eternity." Ira D. Sankey told of the remarkable effect produced by singing "Your Mission" at a great meeting of the United States Christian Commission, at which Secretary of State Seward presided, held in Washington during the first days of the Civil War. The singer was Philip Philips. President Lincoln, who was in attendance, was deeply affected, especially by the verse—

"If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread;
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead."

The President, Mr. Sankey wrote in after years, on hearing this verse, wrote this note which he handed to Secretary Seward: "Near the close let us have 'Your Mission,' repeated by Mr. Philips. Don't say I called for it. A. Lincoln."

Mr. Philips' great success in singing this song, which has been called "the finest didactic poem in any language," brought him so many calls for his service that he gave up everything and devoted himself to his art, which made him the first gospel singer chanting around the world the divine message of the hymns.

This hymn has been much admired for its
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"Maybe I'll be a senator after awhile"

Picked His Job in Early Life

"I'd like to be a United States Senator and serve this state at the national capital," said "Bob" Stanfield when he was a boy

By MARGOT CLARK

SOME years ago, back in the sage brush section of eastern Oregon, two boys, with a hunger for the hills, ambitious to become botanists, were on an outing. Their conversation had turned from flowers to statecraft.

"A fellow ought to choose his work when he is about our age," said one. "He ought to aspire and work to make it all come true. I'd like to be a United States Senator and serve this state at the national capital. Think of the chances I'd have to develop this very country—the chance to make laws that would help every one. Maybe I'll be a senator after awhile. Yes, I rather think I will be."

Twenty-three years have elapsed since the above prophetic bid for a senatorial toga was made—years of hard, ceaseless, but successful toil. It is questionable whether "the new senator" from Oregon ever again gave expression to his youthful determination, for it is well known that "Bob" Stanfield, this all-western man from the woolly West, rarely speaks of himself. He is a *doer* and not a talker. In fact, one of his pronounced characteristics is his impatience with the too frequently loose use of the personal pronoun "I."

When Robert Nelson Stanfield became a candidate for the Senate last year against so formidable an opponent as the Honorable George E. Chamberlain, who had been both governor and senator, many of the old-timers, shrewd politicians, doubted Stanfield's ability to win, but Mr. Stanfield felt very differently about it.

Since taking his seat in the United States Senate last March he has been able to "make laws that will help every one," his latest achievement being the organization of a hundred-million-dollar livestock loan pool for the purpose of relieving the frozen credits of livestock investments in order to assure current funds for the seasonal demands of agriculture; and, in addition, has introduced and caused to be passed by the Senate legislation whereby it is possible to substantially augment this financial succor to the livestock industry through Federal co-operation.

The Senator comes of pioneer stock. His father, also Robert Nelson Stanfield, a native of Illinois, emigrated to California in 1848, being one of the original '49ers. In the early '50s he moved to Oregon, settling in Umatilla County, where young Robert was born July 9, 1877. Not only is he the son of a pioneer, but his younger years were those of a trailblazer, and his task the economic pioneering that quickened the gray plains of productivity. The Stanfield ranch was one of the first in eastern Oregon, and its development indicated to an army of pioneers great possibilities for lands that once were thought fit only for grazing. Young "Bob" learned the lore of ranching from the grass roots up, his summers being spent in the service of his father's cattle ranch. For educational needs there was a county school two miles from the ranch, where he spent the winter months with the children of neighboring cattlemen.

The wild ranges of eastern Oregon were not to be held by cattlemen alone. The time came when it was young "Bob's" almost daily duty to ride forth and hold heated argument with the sheepmen, lest their flocks encroach upon the Stanfield pastures. The youth who was to

become foremost in the sheep-raising industry of America then held for the herders a typical cowman's contempt, yet the flocks multiplied and made money, and even the grudging cattle-men were forced to admit that the Umatilla country was more naturally dowered for sheep husbandry than for cattle raising.

The ranch—Butter Creek Ranch it was called—was prospering. But the Cleveland administration with its attendant hard times shattered the prospects of the stockmen, and when young Bob won the normal school scholarship in a county-wide competition, the family budget was somewhat depleted, and only rigid economy made possible its acceptance. One year of normal school training—and the elder Stanfield's death ended the dream of a possible university course.

In the cattle country it was the custom then, as now, to buy cattle in the spring and fatten them for the market in the fall. These cattle are called "feeders." Mrs. Stanfield was at her wit's end. Where was there a man of business to run the ranch who could be trusted? The studious Robert N. said, "Let me buy the 'feeders,' mother." The mother was astonished and amused when the young son volunteered to buy the "feeders" and undertake the other duties of the ranch, but the student took over the reins of family administration. He leased the ranch from his mother and plunged into the cattle business—grazing, buying, and selling.

In 1904 "Bob" Stanfield was converted to the possibilities of sheep husbandry. His rise in this industry was meteoric until in 1911 his flocks had grazed their swath out of Oregon into Idaho, Montana and Colorado, and today he is probably the largest single wool grower in the United States, being the owner of more sheep than any other one man in America, if not in the world. The sign "Office of Robert Stanfield" is not an uncommon one all through Oregon, Montana and Idaho. The wool-growing industry has grown in recent years to such an extent that there is now shipped from the Pacific Northwest an average of from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 mutton lambs

each year. It is well known that Mr. Stanfield has contributed more to the development of this branch of the sheep industry than any other man. The entire country looks to the Northwest as the source of the principal supply of "fat lambs."



Photo by Harris & Ewing
HON. ROBERT N. STANFIELD
United States Senator from Oregon and the largest wool grower in the United States

His transactions with banks last year totaled around \$15,000,000. He annually winters over eight hundred thousand sheep. In 1919, with sheep worth \$16 a head and more, one gets some idea of the

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Joined hands with France

Organized the American Field Service

But that's only one of the many big things he has done in the course of his extremely busy and eventful life

THE life story of A. Piatt Andrew is more than a romance; it is a series of adventures, arduous endeavors, and achievements.

With all that Colonel Andrew accomplished as a U. S. army officer with the French army overseas in the early years of the war, as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and as an internationally acclaimed economist, were his record carved on bronze tablets he would not have been accorded one-quarter the popularity he has achieved had he not first gained the admiration, respect, and love of his fellow-citizens. That he had their full confidence was indicated by the fact that of more than 5,000 votes cast for Congressman in his home town, he received all but 267.

Although now a Gloucester (Massachusetts) man, Colonel Andrew was born a Hoosier. After a thorough education obtained at Princeton, Harvard, Berlin and Paris universities, he suddenly sprang into prominence. He was one of the faculty at Harvard University for eight years, teaching economics while there.

The Sixth Congressional District in Massachusetts is a district known far and wide as Gardner's district. The late Colonel Augustus P. Gardner represented this for many years, hence the title. The vacancy in this district was filled by Colonel Andrew recently.

In 1908 he was called to Washington as secretary and adviser of the National Monetary Commission, and it was there he found much to do in laying the foundation and framework of the Federal Reserve Act, an act that is now an adopted measure, although with modifications that have since proved the wisdom of the Colonel's judgment. In the crowning achievement of his career as chairman of the National Monetary Commission, Senator Aldrich found in A. Piatt Andrew remarkable support and strength.

In the interest of this, his work, Colonel Andrew went to Europe before the war and assembled data of inestimable value on the subject of monetary systematization. Over forty volumes of publications of this commission were issued, and today they are counted the most complete library on the subject of the world's banking ever written or compiled. This work was written, as well as published, under the direction of Colonel Andrew, most of

whose treatises on these subjects have been given world-wide publicity.

Colonel Andrew has always vigorously attacked false methods of financing. His name will remain an identity with that of the life of the Federal Reserve Act, for although the Democrats finally utilized the structure of this act, thereby changing somewhat the control, subsequent events proved that the original idea inaugurated by Colonel Andrew was more nearly correct in its application, and that its execution at the

time would have averted much of the inflation following the war.

Within a year after the Federal Reserve system, on which he had spent so much time and study in Europe, had been pushed into active service, the World War was on. Without a doubt it was his persistency and good work in previous years that helped to prevent the panic which followed the war. The business of our country sailed on calmly through five tempestuous years of war because one man had put into the study of world economics, while still a member of the Harvard faculty, all the essential brain power and labor of which a genius alone is capable.

As Director of the Mint, he instituted many reforms that saved expense. He practised the economy which he taught, thereby helping to make of the Bureau an efficient governmental machine. His thoroughness is an acknowledged fact. Once, as a matter of safeguarding, he carried the sacred brass troy-pound weight from Philadelphia to Washington, so that it could be tested at the Bureau of Standards. Countless incidents such as these make up his personal record.

In 1912 Colonel Andrew served as a delegate to the International Conference of Red Cross workers. He had previously filled the office of national treasurer in Red Cross work.

His record in Washington alone was sufficient to qualify him for Congress. Since 1914 he has proved his mettle; the worth of a true American, who depends not on the blare of trumpets to carry him across the tape. His departure for France in December, 1914, was distinctly unobtrusive. With the battle of Ypres waging furiously, his real Americanism asserted itself not alone in donning the American uniform, but in joining hands with France in her endeavor to conquer the foe.

It was not long before Colonel Andrew found plenty of opportunity to carry on the work for which he was so distinguished here in America. Organizing and taking charge of a permanent ambulance corps auxiliary to the French army, he went to a sector on the front, north of Ypres, with a section of ambulances given and equipped by Americans and manned by American volunteers. These ghastly night trips to the front, dodging German shell-fire and the like, comprised for this courageous American a new



COLONEL A. PIATT ANDREW

Member of Congress from the Sixth Congressional District of Massachusetts. Former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. An economist of international fame, with a brilliant military record of service for France and America during the war

experience, but he failed France not. In a measure, he began the actual war story of the United States.

It was this assertive leader who organized the American Field Service. During the battles of 1915 and 1916, Colonel Andrew had in line eight sections, all of which were supplied from generous contributions raised in America. An enthusiastic French general insisted that the Americans under Colonel Andrew's generalship seemed to "wear springs under their feet." They did hustle! During those strenuous days of existence in France, young Andrew worked at high pressure to co-operate with the work of the French Minister and Joffre's staff, directing his little army amid shot, shell, and shrapnel in a way that brought him outspoken admiration wherever he labored.

When the Americans entered the war, the Field Service had grown to thirty-four sections, and its leader organized camion sections. These began work in May, 1917, and were the first bodies of armed Americans to enter the great conflict under Andrew's command. The Colonel felt that now was the time to turn the fruit of his labor over to successors, to make of it a still stronger defense. He then entered the U. S. Army as lieutenant-colonel. His decorations, consisting of the Legion of Honor of France, the Croix de Guerre, and the Distinguished Service Medal from the United States, ushered his actual entrance into the war, where these medals had in all other cases ushered soldiers and officers out of the war.

His return to Gloucester did not signify the abandonment of further interest in *affaires militaire*. A permanent home, handsomely furnished, was provided by him for the American Legion in the old town hall. It was made a museum of Gloucester trophies. Colonel Andrew then constructed a monument for the fifty-seven Americans from Gloucester who made the supreme sacrifice on the altar of Mars. A statue of Joan of Arc—it was a replica of the one dedicated by the American Legion at Blois. It had incorporated in its base a stone from every building in France that was associated with the tragic and romantic career of the Maid of Domremy.

When this monument was dedicated, all Gloucester congregated on the spot at night. Bells tolled, cannons were fired, and choirs sang. Every civil, military and religious organization passed in the torchlight, depositing wreaths and flowers. Here a Jewish rabbi, here a Catholic priest, and here a Protestant minister came to offer invocation. It was a dedication which

bespoke the democracy of simplicity and grandeur at once.

Colonel Andrew presided. All the town wished it so, and it was a fitting culmination of five long years of service given a world at the front—given because of unselfish devotion. Little wonder that Gloucester loved him! He was to them the nearest approach to an ideal whose standards having been once recognized, his life activities were an example and a wholesome inspiration! His work had been his life—his life, his work.

When I first met young Piatt Andrew in Washington, I felt him to be a character with an especially brilliant future. He was at the time having a rather hard pull. He had little time to recreate. His object was first to create, and everyone in Washington knew him only as "the worker." Singularly enough, he has had the spotlight turned on him very few times; perhaps because he has always been too busy to bow to the public. The spotlight never found him quiet for the necessary length of time.

Colonel Andrew in appearance is a man endowed with an especially splendid physique. Tall and muscular, with keen dark eyes, he is that picture of American virility on which our countrymen base their hope when the call to arms or to peace presents its view.

His home in East Gloucester is characteristic of the man. An old house fitted up in a most individual way, it immediately foretells the visitor the nature of its occupant. A knocker at the old gate is given a vigorous handshake and you usher yourself through a winding path. Shrubbery lining either side of the path is lighted up with electric bulbs at night. You will find then another knocker on the rather weather-beaten door which admits you into the house proper.

If you enter with your eyes shut, and open them immediately you have stepped over the threshold, you, like me, will start involuntarily, for you are looking into a room that defies description. You will be able only to speak sanely about the ordinary furnishings contained therein. A low ceiling, with its rafters visible, a stairway overhead—you discover a cheery blaze from the hearth. Immediately you are tempted to lengthen that visit far beyond the permitted bounds of etiquette, content to do no more than just relax and let the kettle sing away merrily.

When you enter Colonel Andrew's library you are certain here is a part of another world that belonged only to Maeterlink's "Blue Bird" land. In one corner of the library is a lounge fitted into a groove in the wall, much like the bunk on a ship.

Down a few steps—"take care not to bump

your head"—and you are in the "trophy room." You have never seen such a private collection. An autographed photograph of the German ambassador, a friend of young Andrew in the early days, the face of Count von Bernstorff is covered rakishly with a cap that the Colonel took from the first German soldier he had found dead on the field of battle. Another picture, and you recognize the likeness of the French Ambassador, J. J. Jusserand.

Everything in this room at least impresses you with its owner's wide range of travel and encounter. There you see statues rescued from French churches which had been demolished by the Germans, helmets, guns, a hand-made violin finished by a French soldier. Here was a little statue of the Lady of Good Voyage, the model of a large figure which today crowns the Portuguese fishermen's church, and bestowed by Colonel Andrew several years ago.

This Catholic church, situated in Gloucester, had been rebuilt by the Colonel not long ago after its quasi-destruction by fire. This philanthropic work gained him the friendship and love of all these fisher-folk, and I saw indications of their regard not only in this trophy room, where hundreds of little keepsakes betokened their loyalty, but I remembered their support in his recent election.

Lately, more than ever, has the Colonel mingled among these simple fisher-folk, his attachment for them as simply and just as sincerely reciprocated. He pledges no individual creed, race, or class. His God is all things durable as well as spiritual.

Colonel Andrew's public service divides itself into two five-year epochs. In Washington he was a part of the Federal service, and in France he represented that service which was as invaluable to the United States as it was whole-heartedly given. In both epochs he gave the best of himself, and in both he found his reward.

His residence at Cape Ann overlooked the waters where the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon* fought that great naval duel in the War of 1812. I stepped out on the piazza and thought of Lawrence, who left us that immortal utterance:

"Don't give up the ship!"

Captain James Lawrence and that inky sea out there at Gloucester seemed closely associated just then, and yet the sight of a fisherman throwing out his nets for the night struck me as being singularly in direct contrast to that vision that would not leave me. Those nets remained idle a long time during those turbulent days of 1812, when cannons roared their foreboding messages over the water. Not fish, but men, were caught up in the maelstrom of the game then!

"STOOD SILENCE WITH HER LIFTED FACE"

Continued from page 453

Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
Night and day they never cease;
We are wearied with their chime,
For they do not bring us peace;
And we hush our breath to hear,
And we strain our eyes to see
If thy shores are drawing near,—
Eternity! Eternity!

Oh, the clanging bells of Time!
How their changes rise and fall,
But in undertone sublime,
Sounding clearly through them all,
Is a voice that must be heard,
As our moments onward flee,
And it speaketh, ay, one word,—
Eternity! Eternity!

Her calm, dignified but tender conception of the meaning of death voiced with so much feeling, has found expression in the touching poem entitled "Death." A few stanzas of the poem reveals her exquisite art, the portrayal of truth and love found only in the heart of a great poet:

Words cannot reach to thee, backword they come;
Love stands beseeching thee, still thou art dumb;
Youth in its loveliness, babes of an hour,
Age with its loneliness, all are thy bower.

Greatest of mysteries, Merciful One,
Ending our histories under the sun;
Life, that is kin to thee, smiles in thy track,
Knows she can win from thee all of us back.

Roses we fling to thee, myrtle we twine;
Anthems we sing to thee, honor is thine.
When we must render thee heart-beat and breath,
Deal with us tenderly, wonderful Death!

The verses of the poem, together with the hymn "Eternity," were repeated at the poet's funeral, which was held October 25 of last year at the Church of the Intercession in New York City.

In the passing years and to those who were counted among her friends, there will come a breath of beauty as the memory of her floats by.

To the fair dreamer in the mystic vale,
"Sleep sweet—Good Night! Good Night!"

sweetness and message of duty, which is worth keeping in mind and following:

"Do not, then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard;
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere."

In a moment of reverie, while looking through a window at the falling snow, Mrs. Gates turned away and wrote verse after verse until the poem was finished.

On the death of the President, she wrote the memorable stanzas "Lincoln Has Fallen," which were read at the great memorial service held in Chicago.

"Eternity" has been much loved by thousands who have heard it sung or read. The first two verses are:

A few pages of gossip about

Affairs and Folks

*Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes
about some people who are doing worth-while things*

THE first commercial-art theatre in America has just been completed by Earl Carroll, the playwright-producer, who has given the playhouse his own name and announced a plan of action which will undoubtedly make brilliant theatrical history. Up until now the United States has been compelled to let Europe take first honors in the new art movement. The praise has gone to Max Reinhardt, Gordon Craig, Herman Rosse and others. Yet their work has been studiously observed by a young man named Earl Carroll, who has kept his own council, devised his own plan of action, and finally come forth with a theatre so elaborate and remark-

able in its design and intention that it combines all the finest features of past playhouses and, more important still, has perfected new features which will undoubtedly focus the attention of artistic Europe on the United States.

Mr. Carroll's achievements in theatrical design and production are the results of many years practical experience back-stage, where he has served in every conceivable capacity. As a youth, he was a program boy in Pittsburgh, his birthplace. Night after night he attended plays, and night after night he cogitated on principles of acting, writing, and producing. Soon he made the friendship of the crew back-stage—the carpenters, electricians, and stage hands. Sometimes he helped them with their work, and as a result he soon learned their duties and responsibilities. Finally, won by his enthusiasm, they built him a miniature theater, complete in every detail, with lighting systems, drops, and curtains. This gift was the most important circumstance in his life. It became his school and his experimental laboratory. Before long he was writing his own little plays, his own incidental music, and simultaneously designing his own scenery, costumes and lighting schemes.

At the age of nineteen he started on a voyage of adventure to China and other parts of the Orient. His experiences had a decided effect on his imagination and formed the subject matter for a great deal of his later work.

When he returned to America, he was eager to start writing plays, but he undertook musical composition first. Though he knew virtually nothing about formal matters of harmony and counterpoint, he did know how to pick out a tune with one finger on the nearest piano. This was his naive method of composing, a method that won him a handsome fortune and quick fame.

First he wrote songs like "Dreaming," "Isle D'Amour," "I Never Knew" and "All of You." Then there fol-

lowed completed musical production as librettist, lyricist, and co-author, and composer. The outstanding hits were Fritzi Scheff in "Pretty Mrs. Smith," "Canary Cottage," "The Love Mill," "Jum's Girl," "Flora Bella," and "So Long Letty," which ran for five consecutive seasons and is still very popular in Australia and the Orient.

His first serious playwriting effort was "The Lady of the Lamp," a play of rare charm, deeply hued in Chinese tradition and custom. Later he collaborated with George Barr McCutcheon in a dramatization of "Mr. Bingle."

Not content with having shown his prowess in the multiple capacity of writer, composer and producer, Mr. Carroll became a theater builder, and now he purposed to make this theater a real power in the artistic life of the nation, for though the edifice itself is located in New York City, its influence is to reach far out, like that of an academy in the Greenroom, the celebrities of the day will convene intimately; in the theatre proper the great actors will co-operate in giving special matinees that will bring before the American public the best works of American and European authors. Even the ushers are to be taken from the playwriting courses of Columbia College and the College of the City of New York. And there are more interesting plans than this—plans which the public will watch with all the interest due the indefatigable Earl Carroll.

American Trade Balance With Foreign Countries Has Outgrown Financial Bounds

IN meeting the problems of today, business men, laboring men, professional men, are realizing that they must do some thinking, as well as pass it on to the government. George Ed. Smith, a member of the organization committee of the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation, the largest of the institutions formed under the Edge law passed as an amendment to the Federal Reserve Act, stated at the editorial Conference that since the armistice a four-billion-dollar trade balance in favor of the United States has piled up, and now there is found difficulty in having a further balance financed.

"It is only by giving the foreign buyer more time in which to pay for his goods that we can compete successfully with the rest of the world and sell our surplus products abroad," Mr. Smith says, adding farther along that the enormous balance of trade which prevents buying from America, to any relieving degree at this stage, would not have happened if this balance of trade had gradually grown in our favor rather than having been suddenly dumped upon us. In the case of a gradual accretion of the balance, "we would have absorbed securities as the natural way to balance up that trade."

What he considers the immediate buying necessity of the case is to educate the people up to buying securities. Their proceeds would go toward meeting American payrolls, and their interest recoup the investors. England thrives on interest collected from other countries. As we do not want foreign manufactures and the foreigners have not got the gold to reduce the



EARL CARROLL

Playwright and producer, composer of popular song-hits and profound student of the drama, who has built in New York City a beautiful playhouse named the Earl Carroll Theatre, where the greatest actors of the age will present to the American theatre-going public the supreme artistic achievements of both European and American playwrights

trade balance, there is nothing for it but the absorption of foreign securities, he maintains, pointing out that short-term credits will not carry our products far enough.

If Mr. Smith is right, it remains for the organizations under the Edge law to apply the remedy.



BYRON ALBERT HUDSON

Well-known and popular throughout New England as a tenor soloist in church and concert work. During the war he helped to "brighten the corners" of France and Germany for the members of the A. E. F.

The only way to educate the American public to invest in foreign security debentures is to place those articles in the showcase and advertise their merits. What the people need to be told first is what a debenture is, and then assure them that the interest or dividend will be paid.

* * *

Sang His Way Into the Hearts of Homesick Doughboys Along the Rhine

TO have gained plaudits as a singer, success as a business man, fame as an athlete and renown as a soldier, all while still in the twenties, is surely going some, yet Byron Albert Hudson of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, has achieved this distinguished record with seeming ease and aplomb.

Graduated from the Woonsocket High School as vice-president of his class in 1913, he became associated with his father in the coal and roofing business in Woonsocket, continuing meantime his studies of voice with the best teachers and beginning the concert and church quartet work, in which he has become prominently known.

Entering the service in Company F, 301st Engineers, Mr. Hudson went to Camp Devens as a private, was promoted to corporal, and later to a sergeant which he held during the war. At Camp Devens he was a tenor in the Company F quartet, in the 301st Engineers quartet, and in the 78th Division quartet.

During his twenty-one months of service in

the World War he sang before soldier and civilian audiences running into thousands, and acquired a wide reputation in the singing of war songs, both as a soloist and in quartets.

When his regiment reached Germany, Sergeant Hudson was sent to Third Army Headquarters

Y. M. C. A., and sang for the American soldiers all over the territory of the American Army of Occupation.

For a time while in France and Germany he was manager of a concert and minstrel troupe that toured among the American forces. The 301st Engineers quartet, which sang with this troupe, was considered one of the best in the American Expeditionary Forces.

Following his discharge from the army, Sergeant Hudson again took up the study of music, and has sung in the choirs of several well-known churches in New York City, in Massachusetts and in Rhode Island. He is now singing as a tenor in the quartet of the Old South Congregational Church at Worcester, Massachusetts—the largest Congregational church in New England.

He has also appeared with several of the leading singing organizations in New England as a soloist. One of these organizations is the Arion Club of Providence, with which Mr. Hudson sang under the direction of the veteran conductor Jules Jordan. He has also appeared in concerts and recitals throughout New England. His services are in constant demand, and he is devoting practically his entire time to singing. He has refused several offers to go into light opera and musical comedy, preferring, as he has expressed it on occasions, the concert stage and church singing to any other line of endeavor.

Mr. Hudson is a Mason and a Kiwanian, and has appeared as a singer at many Masonic and Kiwanis gatherings.

During his high school days and for several years thereafter, Mr. Hudson was active in interscholastic and Y. M. C. A. athletics. He held various records for putting the shot, and was active in basketball and other branches of athletics. While in the army he was also prominent in athletic endeavors.

The foundation of his voice training was received from the late Harry M. Ballou of Woonsocket, a profound student of music and a scholar of marked ability. Mr. Hudson studied with Mr. Ballou for eight years. He also spent two seasons in New York under an excellent teacher, and one season in Boston with Pietro Vallini, who was at one time conductor of the La Scala Opera of Milan.

Since returning to civilian life Mr. Hudson has had the distinct advantage of the personal coaching of Dr. Jordan of Providence, a conductor and composer of national renown.

* * *

Ability That Makes Success the Same in Small as in Great Things

CUSTOMS and conditions change. One generation trails after another. Always, though, it is just people that make the world. The aspirations and motives of humanity at large were the same five thousand years ago as they are today. Between then and now some objects differ in name, others in nature, and the mechanism of work and play is different. Yet in all

ages knowledge of what the people require, physically and mentally, and talent to supply it makes leadership. Thus all invention, production, philosophy and philanthropy originate and score their achievements.

Ability that makes success is the same in small as in great things. One that proves master in the least is in the way to command in the greatest opportunities. An example of this proposition is furnished in the career of Mr. Carl Laemmle, who, beginning as a shipping clerk, became the head of a \$25,000,000 corporation. His third job was clerking in a country store, where he studied the people with whom his duties brought him into contact. Understanding the people was made the keynote of his service to them and to his employer, and, as long afterward he disclosed, it gave the tune to his enterprise when doing for himself.

A spectacular rise was that of Mr. Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Company, one of the largest producers of screen attractions in the world. Being a pioneer in the motion picture business, his biography and its history would be largely interchangeable. About thirty-five years ago Mr. Laemmle came to the United States from Laupheim, Germany. In the recent world turmoil he gave proof of the pure metal of his loyalty to his adopted country by conspicuous effort and zeal in promoting the war activities of America.

Starting to earn his living in a shipping room, he afterward toiled as a harvest hand in South Dakota. Then he became a clerk in a western clothing store, a situation from which he dates his debut in successful merchandising. At least he did five years ago, when I ventured to be inquisitive with him. Referring to that early employment Mr. Laemmle exclaimed:

"What I know about salesmanship today I learned right there."

"I find the world today not a bit different from then," he went on to say.

"It's the same kind of people, the same kind of contact, the same keynote. We learn people by personal contact with them. No matter how large the scale, we begin with our unit of experience.

"That little store was my unit. Big business houses are nothing but an aggregation of units. That's all. The unit is the base. Use your unit."

That is just what the old primary arithmetic taught us—units to begin, then tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, and so on up to quadrillions, which were never of any use until now, when they appear to be needed to denominiate war debts.

* * *

Joaquin Miller's Spirit of Poetry Lives Still in the Person of His Daughter

SOMETHING of the love of the great outdoors, something of the grandeur and beauty of open spaces translated into poetry by the vivid pen of the "Poet of the Sierras," Joaquin Miller, has been inculcated in his talented daughter, Juanita.

In the poet's old home upon "The Hights" in the Fruitvale hills of California, where his own hands planted and cared for the trees and flowers he loved, Juanita Miller, poet and musician, and her mother still live among the familiar scenes Joaquin Miller called home.

Miss Miller has inherited a love for Indian ways and customs that her father knew so well in those days when the picturesque and stoical original Americans were making their last stand against the great invasion of civilization from the east. Something of the same Indian stoicism asserted itself in Juanita Miller when, after the Great White Spirit had called her father home, she decided to live among the earthly creations that breathed her father's spirit.

Joaquin's teachings and examples were not forgotten. In all of Juanita Miller's poems is sensed her father's understanding and appreciation of nature. Some of her thoughts are but

echoes of his words, for "when we pass high heaven's door,"

Then shall we know serene, secure,
Of scenes beyond the set of sun—
That life is but a play begun—
That death is but a change of scene,
A night of rest, 'neath rose and bay,
With bright morn but a breath away.

The noted California poet was born in Indiana. When a child he crossed the plains to Oregon with his parents, there to settle upon a ranch. His bent toward the poetic aspects of life manifested itself early in his life. Through frequent visits to Europe and wanderings over the face of the earth generally, he gained recognition as America's rising poet everywhere, especially in England.

Many writers have told in varied strains of his life, his genius of expression upon national and international events, his travels and final sickness and death, which occurred in his home on "The Hights." Here, with his own hands, he planted many thousand pine trees which have now become a shrine visited by thousands of people from all over the land.

Innumerable verse of innumerable subjects did the much-loved Joaquin Miller pen during his life. Yet after all he did not allow his versatility to sacrifice constancy. He dealt with love, patriotism and Nature, in the selection of his themes.

In "Panama, Union of the Oceans," he linked closely religion with civilization, and singularly appropriate at this time are these lines of his contained therein:

Which shall prevail, mad men of strife,
With steel-built walls, shot, shell, and sword,
Or loving angels of the Lord?
With peace and love and precious life?
"Peace, peace on earth, good will to men,"
God's angels sang, but what since then?

And again:

Is man to be the last on earth
To slay his kind, to rend and tear?
Behold the monstrous great cave bear
Has passed, her huge paws nothing worth,
With all her kindred beast of prey,
Shall man be last, so less than they?

One of the last things written by this "poet of a thousand fancies" was a message of greeting to our *Heart Throbs* books, which he wrote on a slip of yellow paper. An indorsement from such a great poet is a keepsake doubly treasured now that the writer is able no more to pen his thoughts.

His daughter's interpretation of life, together with her imagination and love of Nature, is but a reflection of her father. She has carried on the work that distinguished her poet-father not alone about his home, but all over the country and in Europe.

Her own philosophy of life is the philosophy of one much more experienced in life's measures, so when we read that

Tears are but the poetry of pain
And soul—sun must shine through life's rain.

it is evident that that inherited prophetic instinct which calmed her father all during the latter's life caused her to find happiness early, through the medium of disappointment and disillusion. And what an ideal life is she leading in her glorious rambles among the hills and valleys of the "Golden West!"

* * *

Clean Humor, and Lots of It, Distinguish the Action of "Only 38"

EVEN blasé "first-nighters" who saw "Only 38," wherein the ever likable Mary Ryan is starred, found reason to see the thing through to the end. Even trenchant dramatic critics, whose daily bread must be earned by the trundle of their quill, and to whose experienced and weary eyes little on the stage is refreshing or diverting, exclaimed buoyantly over "Only 38," declaring it a "darb."

Why this play has had only a fifteen-week run in New York instead of a fifteen-month run is not known. It cannot be explained, except perhaps by one supposition. Its humor is so penetrating and lasting and the plot of the story so reminiscent of Sunday services, insofar as "the family" presented are the earthly remains of a good and holy minister, that were once beset by its memories while listening to a sermon in church on Sunday (and this may happen not infrequently for reasons given above) there would follow immediately uncontrollable, involuntary chuckles. If it be that the dramatic critics were guided entirely by the morale of the play, then it was right that they should barely cover its procedure in their reviews.

But where are you who are not church-goers?

The title does not do justice to the play. One must observe the audience stuff their mouths with handkerchiefs, only to take them out to wipe their eyes! One must hear that rollicking wave of laughter that balances itself on the very borderland of tears, to speak of it and do it justice.

The little bundle of manuscript that started "Only 38" has a story all its own. It was written by A. E. Thomas, a young idealistic artist, and was found among a bundle of the late Charles Frohman's well-selected plays at the time the *Lusitania* went down. This great producer had planned the play for Maude Adams, but war intervened and the libretto found its way into the hands of Sam Harris.

The latter producer, after looking it over, immediately sent for Mary Ryan and had her read it. Miss Ryan as quickly pronounced it a "winner," and attempted to enlist Maude Adams into its service. Miss Adams, however, was unable to take it up, and so Miss Ryan was prevailed upon to accept the leading part.

Followed the organization of the "Only 38" company. Miss Ryan, like the genuine actress she was, drew on her selective powers to no mean advantage. From unheard-of-corners came "the makings" of her future company, and in the training she bestowed her son and daughter she exhibited that exact instinct and wisdom that only a real mother is capable of displaying. She was, to quote her, "raising a family again."

In "The Homestead" Miss Ryan won over a country, but in "Only 38" she has exerted even more partiality to clean American humor, and one is led to believe she has been peeking over Booth Tarkington's shoulder, for she has made of her part such a character as only the great fun-loving Tarkington can portray. It is rarely that such a perfect balance of confidence and

candor exists in the acting of a nineteen-year-old boy.

"I have faith that people will grow to recognize the merits of this play," is the form of pledge Miss Ryan has adopted.

And why shouldn't they?



MISS JUANITA MILLER

Daughter of the well-loved "Poet of the Sierras," the late Joaquin Miller, whose genius-guided-pen has celebrated in immortal verse the romance and the beauty and the witching lure of the California hills. Miss Miller is herself a poet of great promise, inheriting the genius of her gifted father

"Tell Me the Color of a Man's Eyes and I Will Describe His Habits"

THE basis of success in life, whether business, professional, or otherwise, is in the last analysis, character analysis—the faculty of selection. This is what counts for the successful school teacher, farmer, lawyer, or politician—for all people are interdependent.

It remained for a young man, born in Paris, to achieve eminence in Boston in his chosen profession—that of a character analyst. He has the distinction of being an expert in this field of science, which has been substantiated by many prominent men here and abroad.

Mr. Georges Henri LeBarr has made research work in character analysis a life career. He has studied the subject from many angles in Europe and America, and builds his conclusions quickly and almost subconsciously, because of his comprehensive study and thorough training for the work. He has analyzed thousands of prominent men, and his lectures are always intensely interesting, because he ever deals with

the human equation. He talks on the subject every day, and contributes to various publications conclusions that are so simple and apparent that they are startling in their simplicity.



GEORGES HENRI LeBARR

Character analyst, who in the everyday application of the principles of the science of which he has made a life work demonstrates the value of a harmonious understanding of human attributes

When one sees him at work making an analysis, it is better understood how it is possible to develop this science. As he has well said:

In the first place, character analysis is the science of reading character at sight; in color, form, size of a person, structure, texture, proportion, and expression. This science is formulated upon five other sciences such as biology, anthropology, physiology, hygiene, and psychology.

After seeing him make an analysis, he continued:

The word "science" means classified knowledge which is secured through experimental and research work. There is no mystery or miracle in character analysis. Every one to a degree is a character analyst. When you see a person with larger, brilliant eyes, you think that that person is credulous, honest, and trustworthy, and nine times out of ten you are right. You are using character analysis. In general, all people are alike, that is, they have one head, two eyes, one nose, etc., but they vary distinctly in eight particulars, namely, in color of eyes and hair, the shape of the head and the features of the face, also in size and structure of face and body. Some have fine hair, some have coarse hair, and so on. Character analysis shows the meaning of each feature as regards the mind and reveals the true character of an individual.

Now it could be understood why character analysis was a logical, practical, everyday coordination of observations.

Therefore if one masters the meaning of eight fundamental principles of character analysis, it would be easy to point out either in yourself or any other individual the strong success-winning points, or the weak and undesirable characteristics. From this standpoint character analysis is a very important factor in the life of every human being, for it can be applied in every phase of human life where there is human relationship. As to that, you know as well as I that every one of us deals with people everywhere. Unless you are a Robinson Crusoe, you are bound to be with people constantly, and even Crusoe, as you know, had his man Friday.

In the application of character analysis, he commented enthusiastically:

The aim of character analysis is to make life better and to establish a harmonious understanding between people. Unless you know something about human nature, you are bound to make mistakes constantly and waste your energy, money and time. In fact, you are wasting your life if you live in utter ignorance of human nature. The Arab proverb truly said, "Four things never return: the sped arrow, the spoken word, the time wasted, and a neglected opportunity." One cannot succeed by being in darkness in regard to his true gifts. The above-mentioned eight principles are the A. B. C. of character analysis, and the only thing one needs to know is to learn the alphabet of this science, which, in turn, will enable one to read human faces like an open book.

The poet Pope said long ago: "The proper study of mankind is man." Professor LeBarr is doing a great work in helping people to avoid pitfalls. He has served six months in twenty jails—and yet never faced a judge. He was there to study character analysis, and it was unfmanny in the way he could determine character without

reference to the records of the criminals. He bases much on the emotion of laughter. This especially impressed him in the jails, where very little real laughter was ever heard, although criminals are usually of the brainy and mental type. He lays particular stress upon environment, but even that is a phase of character analysis. He found the gloom and depression of the prison was horrifying, and he began the organization of glee clubs, chorus choirs, and orchestras. He has found in many cases that criminals of the destructive type would have made men of the constructive type had their energies been rightfully directed and their environment and circumstances changed.

The world is stepping forward at a lively pace these days, and nations in their relations, as well as individuals, are realizing the necessity of

kindly reception elsewhere that so far she has not missed the man who escaped the spider's web.

"None of the works I sell," she smilingly said, "are what is called light fiction. While my books are all of the nature that interest women, that interest is more of a helpful nature, than to give passing entertainment. I find that just now books pertaining to health are the most popular. Women have learned that success in commercial and professional life depends largely on good health, and because we have become ambitious, ill health is not accepted as the common lot of our sex, as it was accepted some ten to twenty years ago. We want to 'Get There!' and we have to be free from all physical ills to do it. You would be surprised did you realize that girls and women are reaching out as eagerly for advice on keeping well as they traditionally reached out for stories of Gladys and the moonlight."

Miss Grant "makes" Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and the smaller cities in between. She finds that the tastes of Boston and Philadelphia readers are about the same, and that Philadelphia does not read in the quantity of other cities on her route. Her companions, naturally, in hotel, train, and in offices, are men, and "I want to say right here," she said, "I have never known an act of disrespect or discourtesy. Men are not averse to women entering their field. They welcome a woman competitor, and are unfailingly fair in dealings with her."

Miss Grant is a most conscientious little saleswoman. She does not urge a dealer to buy a book in ignorance of its merits; she reads every book she sells, and will not carry among her samples a book whose dullness fore-ordains it to be among the books that are never read.

* * *

**Bright Young Minds of Oldest Nation Attune
Their Thoughts to the New Diplomacy**

ONE of the galaxy of bright young men from China whom I met at the Conference at Washington is Dr. G. Zay Wood, president of the Chinese Political Science Association, Curtis



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MISS DOROTHY GRANT

She sells books for women written by women about women, and strangely enough none of the books she sells are works of fiction. Mostly they are intended to tell women how to succeed in business

careful, fundamental character analysis, individual and collective. The soft black eyes of Professor LeBarr see things in people in the light of hope and faith rather than in the glint of cynicism.

* * *

**Emma McChesney Sold Petticoats—This
Young Woman Travels in Books**

THERE is said to be a book dealer in New York City who will buy no books written by a woman, though a man brings them to his door; and no books about a woman, though a man was the author.

Naturally, his aversion to women being this deep, he is not among the clientele of Miss Dorothy Grant, the only woman engaged "on the road" in selling books written about women and largely by women authors, as well as books on general subjects, published by the Woman's Press, an activity of the Young Women's Christian Association. But Miss Grant meets such



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Dr. G. ZAY WOOD

President of the Chinese Political Science Association and author of a number of authoritative works upon the interrelated problems of China and Japan. He is a graduate from both Yale and Harvard

Fellow in International Law and Diplomacy, Columbia University, editor of the *Chinese Students' Monthly*, and formerly editor of *The Far Eastern Republic*. Like his companions he was working with the flush of patriotic hope for the dawning future of his country.

He has made the subject of China and the United States a life study, and these are the days



PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

American journalist, the author of "Balkanized Europe," a book that has taken a high place in the literature of the period as a guide to a clearer understanding by the American public of the problems confronting the war-stricken countries of the Old World

World

of China's great opportunity. Writing, thinking, talking and dreaming of China and its relations with other nations, since his graduation from Yale and Harvard, he has had a most unusual literary career.

His book, entitled "China, the United States and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance," which furnishes a history of the alliance and expounds the reasons why it should not be renewed, contains ideas and information that have had a decided influence on American thought.

Among his other books are "The Twenty-One Demands," "The Chino-Japanese Treaties of May 25, 1915," and "China, Japan, and the Shantung Question," published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, all bearing upon the great world questions of the Far East.

Few other authors have covered the subject more thoroughly than this young student. It must have been extremely gratifying to him during the Conference at Washington to observe how his ideas, unveiled in his student days, born of the earnest and passionate love of his native land during the nights of work and study have become hopeful realities. He builded better than he knew; a discussion of Far Eastern problems would be incomplete without these books.

His analysis of "The Twenty-One Demands" is a concise account of the demands and tells the complete story. It is a book that reflects the history of stirring times. He speaks of the twenty-one demands as the flowers, while the Chino-Japanese treaties are the fruits, and he likens the fruit to the forbidden apple in the garden of Eden.

"China, Japan, and the Shantung Question" is naturally a chronicle of the question from the time of the German occupation of Kiaochow, with suggestions that were illuminating in the settlement of the question of territorial integrity and the future of the Open Door in China.

Dr. Wood is a quiet-mannered young man, and one can observe in him the intense concentrated faculties of the student and writer. Yale and Harvard may well be proud of their alumnus from China, fired with a zeal and patriotism that is impressive to western minds. They have proven their worth in their thoughtful and comprehensive study of international affairs. It will all count greatly in the future of China.

No American library can be complete in these times without books on China written by these young Chinese authors with the zest and spirit of the idealism that has brought the celestial empire into the promised land of Republican nations, and that will play a great part in the future affairs of the world.

Dr. Wood has affectionately dedicated his latest book to Ambassador Sao-Ke Alfred Sze. The Chinese are quickly acquiring the habit of pulling together despite their training in the devious ways of the old-time diplomacy, and are throwing their whole energy into the one great common cause of China.

* * *

American Journalist Analyzes Political Situation in Europe from Personal Observation

AFTER all, it is the man who sees and feels a situation through personal contact who awakens the spark of interest in any cause. During the war I met Paul Scott Mowrer. As representative of the Chicago *News* he disclaims being anything more than a journalist. But his book, "Balkanized Europe," is one that has taken its place as a part of the prominent literature of the day. He has approached the subject without fear or prejudice, and offers in this book a mass of illuminating facts on the political situation in Europe, which is being cleaned up preparatory to the return of economical life. The book has a popular appeal. It serves to correct the general ignorance of America on foreign affairs. This reproach has been keenly felt, and now the people of the United States are posting themselves. Mr. Mowrer analyzes the situation, pointing out the crossways of the races, clarifying the views of racial distinctions. He goes right into the physical and social health of the people; deals with the Bolsheviks and speaks frankly of American errors. In his conclusion he has pointed the way towards the nationalism of the masses and closes with a climatic chapter on the role of the United States.

Mr. Mowrer handles all the entangling and complicated questions with great clearness of vision. The book has been called a "lighthouse directing the public mind above the sea of mediocrity." Through it all is the American spirit, free and clear from the trumpet of the propagandist. For eleven years he was in physical contact with the people whom he has studied. He has observed closely the chess board on which the great European game has been played. His appeal is to find a formula that will mollify the hate of one country for another and to cure the morbid mentality that has strangled the impulses toward relieving economic conditions, through processes of the plain viewpoint that the welfare of others involves our own. The pathway must be illuminated by the intelligent understanding by all people of each other.

Mr. Mowrer was born in Bloomington, Illinois, and has just passed his thirtieth year. In early boyhood he resided in Chicago, attending the public schools and University of Michigan. Early in life he became a student of languages, and the fine literary quality of his writings naturally pointed to him as the one man on the staff of the *Daily News* to go far afield and gather

information. Eight years ago he was sent to Paris, and during the first Balkan war Mr. Mowrer made an adventurous journey along the Turkish-Bulgarian-Serbian-Greek-Montenegrin battle line, through Bulgaria, Turkey in Europe, Macedonia, Greece, and Albania, describing war conditions. When the great European war began, Mr. Mowrer became the director of a considerable force of correspondents for the *News* in charge of the many phases of war reporting along the western front.

He has been one of the hopeful and close observers of the proceedings at the Conference in Washington. In his own cool, analytical, and unbiased mind he seems to have an abiding faith in the future.

In a little chat with him at the Cosmos Club, or at a dinner, one feels still further strengthened in the belief that the power of American thought is being directed in the right channel, through the observations and information gathered in this last decade of momentous happenings.

Fraternal Order Pays Touching and Tender Tribute to Candidate for Membership

THERE is a business man in Boston, named Charles E. Osgood, whose name is known over the country because of the slogan, "When in doubt buy of Osgood." This is a call of faith that evidences confidence. There never



CHARLES E. OSGOOD

Widely-known Boston business man, who by special dispensation from the Grand Lodge was initiated into the fraternal order of the Elks in his own home

has been any doubt when it comes to the sterling qualities of Charles E. Osgood. After Governor Channing H. Cox proposed his name for membership in the Elks, he was taken ill and was unable to appear at the regular initiation in the lodge room. His friend, James R. Nicholson, the only Past Grand Exalted Ruler in Massachusetts was equal to the occasion and obtained a special dispensation from the Grand Lodge to hold the ceremony at the hospitable home of

Mr. Osgood, overlooking the beautiful shores of Jamaica Pond. It was a most distinguished compliment, but the membership of Boston lodge now includes a large list of friends, as does nearly every other organization to which he belongs. It was an unusual tribute, but they wanted Charles Osgood within the circle.



DR. JOHN A. MOREHEAD

European Commissioner of the National Lutheran Council of America, who is responsible for the highly efficient system of relief administration for the Lutherans in the distressed areas of Europe

Impressive as are the usual ceremonies, they seemed even more so when Exalted Ruler Nicholson was able to officiate at the initiation ceremonies of his friend at his own fireside in the presence of seventy-five friends, including the officers of Boston lodge, Governor Cox, Mayor Quinn of Cambridge, General Clarence R. Edwards, Hon. James M. Curley, members of the Luncheon Club, Harvard Brotherhood and Home Furnishers' Association.

Mrs. Osgood, with the gracious hospitality for which she is famed, had provided a bountiful luncheon to follow the ceremonies. Mr. Osgood, although taxing his physical strength, insisted upon making an address of appreciation alluding to the scene and ceremonies that had given him a beautiful exemplification of the ideals of the Elks. He wanted to say a personal word to each one of the friends gathered there, but a little collapse prevented him from doing this. After being shut in for ten months, Charles Osgood, always active in meeting and mingling with his friends, and looking after the wants of others, was touched beyond expression.

The ceremony was, first of all, a tribute of the loving friendship of his Elk friends, and was unique as the first ceremony of its kind that has ever been conducted outside of a lodge room. President Harding and other distinguished men of the country, who are members of the Elks, have gone through these same ceremonies as were conducted in this home by Jamaica Pond, where Charles Osgood has for nearly a year past, away from the personal fellowship of his usual activities been thinking of the golden circle of friendships that have made his life so happy.

Departed Editor of Noted Journals Leaves Record of Wide Achievement

JOURNALISM in America has produced many shining lights. From its ranks have come diplomats and statesmen who have reflected lustre upon their country. One has passed prominent in the affairs of the nation. Many have grown old as acknowledged leaders of thought and moulders of public opinion. Some, without abating the toil of their prime vocation, have become eminent in business unconnected with the press, in public service, and in civic and social betterment.

For length and fullness and richness the active life of the late Dr. John A. Sleicher is wondrous.

Born in Troy, New York, October 4, 1848, Dr. Sleicher was educated in the common and high schools of that city. Later in life his attainments and achievements won him the degree of Doctor of Laws from Syracuse University. Three newspapers in Troy successively employed him as city editor. Then, in turn, he was part owner of the *Troy Times*, proprietor of the *Schenectady Union*, editor-in-chief and part owner of the *Albany Evening Journal*, and editor-in-chief of the *New York Mail and Express* and *Leslie's Weekly*. He was manager of the New York State Press Association.

Lutherans Carry Needed Relief to Their Church Brothers Across the Sea

MANY of the old-school bankers would shake their heads at mention of anybody who was claimed to possess banking skill unless he had grown up in the business. It is hardly considered good form to succeed at it unless you started at a tender age sweeping out the offices at chilly dawn. Nevertheless, church banking, the new and extremely successful method of relief administration in Europe, has been brought to its highest effectiveness by Dr. John A. Morehead, European Commissioner of the National Lutheran Council of America. The percentage taken out of a Lutheran dollar for overhead expense is barely visible to the naked eye. It is so amazingly low that it seems unbelievable in comparison with other organizations. This is all worked out in Europe through their one-man banking system, and Dr. Morehead, though he was president of Roanoke College in Virginia for sixteen years, never even took any of his own courses in money and banking. It must be that broad education, remarkable administrative ability, and experience have some value to anybody who takes up banking. Dr. Morehead probably had an unsuspected talent for it to start with.

Anyway, it remains that in seventeen countries during the past two years, American Lutheran funds have been dispensed through their European commissioner, in close co-operation with the American Red Cross and American Relief Administration, meeting emergencies quickly, supplying food, clothing and shelter, rebuilding and equipping churches, schools, orphanages, and hospitals, and establishing farm loan banks that have rehabilitated entire provinces. To be sure, it keeps Dr. Morehead fully occupied, and takes him into close places. Many and varied languages he has to speak, and besides that he must deal in the exchange rates of seventeen vacillating money markets, than which there is nothing more complicated on earth. Being arrested as a spy took up some of his time in the beginning, and his transportation troubles have never ceased. One time he did travel in comfort and freedom, and that was when Premier Paderewski took him on his private train from Paris to Warsaw, as the first representative of an outside church to do actual relief business in Poland.

American Lutherans greeted Dr. Morehead, who was at home on a short campaign tour last fall, visiting the church bodies in several states, and assured him that their fellow-believers back

in the old countries should not lose this winter what had been saved and restored these recent bitter years, against such terrible difficulties. The Lutherans of America, under the auspices of the National Lutheran Council, Dr. Lauritz Larsen, president, at New York City, has pledged itself to continue another year's friendly assistance to the Lutherans in distressed areas of Europe, and raised \$1,250,000 in October for its World's Service program. This amount, invested by the Council through the Lutheran organizations of Europe (some of them established literally hundreds of years) accomplishes more than thrice what that amount would by the usual outside administration.

"Dr. Morehead has brought to America a very, very rare species of news," states Dr. Larsen, "late and accurate reports about the inside of Russia. His intelligent statement of the serious needs in Russia and other parts of Europe this



LAURITZ LARSEN, D.D.

President of the National Lutheran Council, which is helping to feed, shelter, and clothe thousands of the fellow-members of their faith in the very lands where Martin Luther's message spread freedom and hope four centuries ago

winter, and how they can be met, are exceedingly valuable. Moreover—and this is a most cherished word to Lutherans of the United States—he has shown us how our Christian neighborliness is being translated, back in the lands where Martin Luther's message spread freedom and hope four centuries ago, into renewed spiritual vigor in the hearts of the people. Our church brothers are not being merely fed, warmed and clothed, but they are being reinforced to carry forward, on a greater scale and with truer consecration the work in their own communities of saving and enriching humanity. We cannot stop now, we cannot fail those who are hungering for closer contact, for more intimate relationships, and longing for that confessional and practical strength with which God has blessed the church in America."

Giving their time and money

"But the greatest of these is Charity"

How the Jews of the United States, from the richest to the poorest, are relieving the destitute Jewish refugees of Europe

THE Jews of America have been doing a memorable thing this winter. In a country that has been the target of so many appeals that people run to cover at the mere hint of one, a country whose generosity has been taxed and surtaxed even as its government has taxed its incomes, they are raising \$14,000,000 for the relief of their co-religionists in eastern Europe. At a time when everyone has heard so much about the suffering on the other side of the ocean that ears are dulled and hardly take it in, the plight of the hundreds of thousands of homeless Jewish refugees and orphaned Jewish children has been brought poignantly home

contribute one, up to a quarter of a million," Mr. Rosenwald said to Chicago, and she came right up to the scratch—from this big-hearted citizen of the Middle West to the huckster in the Ghetto, with his hard-saved coins, they are giving their money.

They are giving time. Hundreds of busy men, led by David A. Brown of Detroit, national chairman of the appeal, are putting aside their personal affairs and working day and night, almost, without pay—not even a dollar a year. Without pay, save, indeed, the consciousness that once more the Jewish relief organizations of America are keeping life and hope awake in European Jewry, even as they have done in the seven years since the war began.

Between October, 1914, when the American Jewish Relief Committee made its first appeal for funds, and September, 1921, that organization, seconded by the People's Relief Committee and the Central Relief Committee, raised the mighty sum of \$47,000,000. The Joint Distribution Committee, European disbursing agent, has spent this for food, clothing, medicine, and rehabilitation work, wherever the need seemed greatest. Human imagination cannot conceive what the condition of those war victims would be now but for that service. Many thousands who are living today would not be living but for the Joint Distribution Committee. But even with all this, the situation in eastern Europe last September, when Julius Rosenwald, Felix M. Warburg, Louis Marshall and a score of influential Jews summoned the leaders of the race in the various states to a conference in Chicago, was desperate. One after another, men who had traveled the winter before into the remotest parts of Russia, Poland, and Roumania, stood up in the conference hall and told such tales of misery that the hearts of the listeners melted within them.

They told of great companies of their people wandering, desolate and half naked, through these countries where the Armistice brought no peace. They told how, in the Ukraine alone, two hundred thousand heads of Jewish families had been slain in the civil wars that have raged without ceasing. They told how entire Jewish families—sometimes the whole Jewish population of a village—perished in massacres, pogroms, descents of marauding bands of soldiers, all the furies that war lets loose.

They told of orphans, two hundred thousand Jewish orphans it was said then; a more careful estimate puts the number at three hundred thousand now. Young children whose parents have died by war, by disease, by starvation. Children who were so young when they lost or were separated from their natural protectors that they do not know their right names. Children hiding in the woods like animals, begging in the streets like vagrants, huddling in heaps of rags for warmth, dying there, lying there, the quick and the dead, together.

Twelve thousand of these orphans were being cared for by the Joint Distribution Committee, most of them placed in families, a few in institutions, at an average cost of \$100 a year per child. Twelve thousand cared for, the others tagging at the heels of drifting bands of refugees, feeding on the scraps of older war victims who

have nothing for themselves. Or, forced into an unchildlike self-reliance, they were fending for themselves, striking out from their desolated



DAVID A. BROWN

National Chairman of the Appeal, prominent Detroit business man, who, instead of spending the winter in Italy with his wife as he had planned, has been working twelve hours a day in the American Jewish Relief Headquarters in New York City, what time he has not been traveling over the United States organizing relief committees in various sections

to the fortunate Jews of these peaceful United States.

"And they are responding. From Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, with his princely gift of \$250,000 ("for every seven dollars you contribute, I will



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JULIUS ROSENWALD

Chicago merchant prince who contributed a quarter of a million dollars to the Jewish Relief Fund

homes in a brave attempt to find the "good Americans" of whom they had heard. And wonderful to relate, in some cases they succeed, walking for hundreds of miles through manifold terrors to Warsaw or some other station of the Joint Distribution Committee.

All these things the conference heard, and more. It heard that without America's aid ninety-five thousand of these children must die before the next spring. It heard of the refugees who poured, a melancholy procession, over the border from the Ukraine into Poland, carrying all they possessed on their backs; footsore, driven hither and thither by the military of the various sections. It heard of the menace to the health of the world in this vast exodus, the disease germs carried in their rags by these people who have no means of keeping clean, since most of the community bath-houses have been destroyed.

It heard, finally, of the things that must be done, first for relief, next for sanitation; last, but not least, for economic rehabilitation, for giving the Jews the means of becoming self-supporting again, as they are most anxious to be. It heard that \$14,000,000 was the minimum sum required to fill up the chest of the Joint Distribution Committee. And without a dissenting voice the motion was passed to raise this amount.

The job cut out, the next thing was to find the man to carry it through.



Jewish refugees, only a few of the four hundred thousand homeless, hungry wanderers who have been driven from their homes in eastern Europe by war, terror, famine and pestilence, whom the American Jewish Relief Committee is trying to rehabilitate and render self-supporting as they were before disaster overtook them. It is asking \$14,000,000 from the Jews of America to aid in carrying out its program

David A. Brown, of Detroit, sitting in the conference, wasn't looking for employment. In fact he had made arrangements to take his wife to Italy. Their passage was engaged, and they were looking forward to leisure months on the Riviera. He had had an active life, dating from his debut on the streets of Detroit as a newsboy, on through the business successes and public undertakings which had earned him the name of "Do-It-Up-Brown." He would see this conference through, and then he would take a rest. But the conference decided otherwise. Here was a job that must be done up brown, and here was the Brown to do it.

The call found an instant response in his heart, and Mrs. Brown, appealed to over the long-distance 'phone at her home in Detroit, was quite as game. What's a winter in Italy when there are hundreds of thousands of maimed lives to be made whole? So, instead of basking in the sunny

leisure of the Riviera, Mr. Brown has been toiling twelve hours a day in the American Jewish Relief headquarters in New York, or shooting back and forth over the face of the United States in fast trains, speaking, conferring, assisting in the organization of the various sections.

Sentiment is fine, and pity is a gracious thing, but money-raising is a cold, hard, business proposition. It was no small task that Brown faced. Hoover had secured twice \$14,000,000 the year before, but Hoover had all America to draw upon. This appeal must succeed or fail by the generosity of a small part of America—its three million Jews. Man after man stood up and told how hard times were in his home state. Nevertheless they all declared that the money could be obtained. They said it with much fuller confidence after David A. Brown had become chairman of the committee. And so he went to work.

The country was divided into eleven zones, with one in Canada. In each zone a leading Jew of the territory was selected as chairman, with local men and women for aids. Each zone accepted a quota commensurate with its Jewish population and wealth, and so well did the work progress that by New Year's Day thirty states were organized, and more than half the \$14,000,000 had been pledged.

Chicago, spurred by Julius Rosenwald's offer of "one dollar for every seven raised," was almost the first city to get down to brass tacks. She made a record subscription of nearly \$2,000,000, and Mr. Rosenwald's purse was depleted almost to the amount of \$250,000, with more to pay, for Chicago wasn't through. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, other towns have been hard at it. New York, which always puts off a money-getting campaign till the last minute, but never fails to make good just when everybody thinks she is going to slump, has been slower. New York state is in Zone Two, which also includes Connecticut, Rhode Island and northern New Jersey, and the drive was scheduled to open there February 19. Three-fourths of the Jews of the United States live in this area, so naturally it has the biggest quota—\$6,000,000 for the zone, of which \$5,000,000 must come from the state of New York.

It is a hard, racking business, the raising of \$14,000,000 in these tight times. They have all striven to the limit—Chairman Brown, Louis Marshall, head of the American Jewish Relief Committee, Felix M. Warburg, head of the Joint Distribution Committee, all the leaders in fact, and all the aids as well. Now the task is nearly over for this year only because no one supposes that the plight of the Jews of eastern Europe can be mended wholly this year, or next. Many of the orphans must be supported for five or six years.

But \$14,000,000 will do much.

It will buy food for hundreds of thousands of hungry mouths over there. Bread, and, it is to be hoped, milk and jam for the children, so some color may be put into the waxy-white faces which, travelers report, are the rule in Eastern Europe.

After food will come clothes. The very least that is needed in this line, (Continued on page 477)

PICKED HIS JOB IN EARLY LIFE

Continued from page 454

immensity of Mr. Stanfield's operations. A native instinct for the sheep industry and a natural gift for handling big undertakings are ascribed as the powers that have enabled him to garner wealth so swiftly.

Stanfield early realized that the chances for all sheepmen rested in improved marketing conditions. It had been the custom in the early days of the sheep industry for representatives of the wool buyers to visit the sheepmen in their home towns and buy their wool crop for whatever price the wool grower and the wool buyer happened to agree upon. In other words, there was no market price because the sheep men had no opportunity to sell under conditions that would assure them the going market price. From this crude method of marketing there developed a system of marketing wools from warehouses stationed at various points on the railroad. These sales were known as "sealed bid sales." They were attended by the representatives of brokers and a few manufacturing concerns of the East.

The wool growers, however, had now become dissatisfied with the sealed bid sales, feeling that the so-called "sealed bids" did not represent any real and earnest competition. It was at this time that a group of sheepmen, led by Robert N. Stanfield, got together and developed a plan for

the centralization of the wool market. This plan is known as the "Stanfield plan" and is recognized as the most modern and practical method of marketing wool, and has resulted in making the Senator's adopted home town, Portland, Oregon, the second largest wool market in America.

As much as fourteen million to sixteen million pounds of wool are annually centralized in Portland warehouses, thus affording employment for many men. At the age of forty-three Robert Stanfield has gained a position of influence in the wool and sheep business that makes his judgment sought after.

Mr. Stanfield entered politics in 1913, being elected to the Oregon legislature as representative from Umatilla and Morrow counties. He was assigned the chairmanship of the Committee on Banking, as well as being a member of other important committees, including taxation and assessments. It was during this session that the first practical and constructive laws for the regulation of state banks were enacted. During that same session, C. N. McArthur, now Representative in Congress from the state of Oregon, was Speaker.

At the opening of the 1917 Legislature, after successive service, Mr. Stanfield was unanimously chosen Speaker of the House, and while holding that position evinced qualities of statesmanship,

diplomacy and leadership to a degree that won for him the plaudits of the whole state, and particularly of the "sage brush" country.

* * *

A likeable man is "Bob" Stanfield, as he is familiarly called. Affable, sympathetic, optimistic, a tireless worker, straightforward in all his dealings—a man of splendid understanding. Stories are told of his friendship, of his depth of character, of men he has backed, of the big sheepman jumping from his saddle to pick up an injured lamb and carry it back to camp; of men discharged because they were "case hardened" to the suffering of their dumb wards—yarns that are good to listen to, and yet it is almost impossible to get "the Senator," as his office force back in Washington call him, to talk about himself, his plans, his experiences, or his ambitions.

He seems to have an instinctive aversion for personalities, for reciting pet ideas, or for expatiating about possible hobbies.

In the latest edition of "Who's Who in America," after the name "Robert Nelson Stanfield" one finds just four pertinent words: "Businessman, banker, livestock industry." In view of his early expressed determination to be a United States senator, one wonders why he did not add the word "Senator."

"Every dog has his day"

The President Writes for "Laddie Boy"

Letter to Will Hodge's "Tiger" from the White House pet, as set down by Mr. Harding's own hand

[COPY]
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

January 3, 1922

My dear Chapple:

Mrs. Harding has handed me the letter and invitation which you sent to Laddie Boy, in her care. Laddie Boy has made reply, and I am sending you a copy herewith for your information, since you were the bearer of Tiger's message.

When you see Mr. Hodge I will be glad to have you express to him my very cordial good wishes for a great success. I hope some time he will be coming to Washington and that we may have the pleasure of seeing him.

With very best wishes and a desire that you will remember both Mrs. Harding and me to your good wife, I am

Very sincerely,
(Signed) WARREN G. HARDING.

Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple,
Editor, NATIONAL MAGAZINE,
Boston, Mass.

LETTER PENCILED BY PRESIDENT HARDING

January 23, 1922.

My dear Tiger:

I have your wonderful invitation and your more than courteous and chummy letter, and in all the frankness which characterizes the utterances of us dogs, I want to tell you how pleased I am. Of course, living as I do at the White House, I receive some attentions which are not bestowed on all dogs, but in spite of the distinction shown to me, I felt a thrill that wagged my stub tail violently when I read of the part you are playing in "Dog Love," and giving to the public a demonstration of the fidelity which characterizes our lives.

Gee whiz (which you will understand to be a refined expression of canine enthusiasm), I would like to come over and see your show. I suppose I would like to witness the stage-work of Mr. Hodge, of whom I have heard my Chief speak in cordial praise, and of course I would like to bow in deference to Mimi, but the honest truth is, I would like to come over and see precisely how you do your part. Of course, every dog plays his part well when he is merely his natural self, but unhappily many a dog is more or less spoiled by his environment and associations. I imagine I am spoiled some myself. So many people express a wish to see me and I shake hands with so many callers at the Executive Mansion that I fear there are some people who will suspect me of political inclinations—from what I see of politics I am sure I have no such aspirations. Of course, it is exceedingly interesting and worth while to be in the center of so many activities of great importance, but there is an air of earnestness and responsibility about it which I can see in my Chief that I often long for the good old days back home, to which you allude in your letter. Sometimes the Chief acts as though he would like to sit down when he and I can be alone, and I can look at him with sympathetic eyes, and he fixes his gaze on me in a grateful sort of a way, as much as to say, "Well, Laddie Boy, you and I are real friends, and we will never cheat each other." When the Chief looks at me this way,



Photo from International
PRESIDENT HARDING AND "LADDIE BOY"

I know that he feels that I will never find fault with him, no matter what he does, and that I will never be ungrateful nor unfaithful.

I realize that a dog's life is limited in years, but it is so full of loyalty and devotion that it is, after all, a wonderful life to live. I can believe we leave our impress on our human associates, so I can well imagine you are having a fine influence on the throngs which witness and applaud your performance. Curiously, I am not jealous. I suppose I am satisfied with the limelight which has come to me. If you are enjoying stage-door calls and the association of big and influential dogs, I hope you will make the most of opportunity to impress them that sincerity and naturalness and fidelity are among the most lovable traits in any life. Sometimes I wish we had a more elaborate vocabulary through which to express ourselves, and yet, after all, honest eyes and wagging tail may be employed in most eloquent expression.

I suppose, because of my temporary assignment to the White House, you attribute to me greater knowledge than I can really claim to possess. I am only eighteen months old, and I

do not know many other dogs. Oh, I have met some and found them very much worth while, and I have encountered some who did not greatly appeal to me, but I have heard the Chief talk about some of his dog friends, and I know that he chooses to be known as the friend of good dogs. I have heard him tell about "Hub," who was for seven years his companion, and about "Jumbo," who won his way to abiding affection through a like period of association, and I have heard him tell of the dogs of his boyhood. Say! talk about fellowship—me for the company of a small boy who has been taught never to be cruel to animals. That's the association for play that strengthens the heart and heightens the spirits. Still, there are a lot of grown-ups whom it is most agreeable to associate with. When I came to the White House the Mistress gave me a rather cold shoulder. I found out afterwards it was because she did not want to become attached to me and excessively grieved in case our association had to be severed. Since then she has "fallen" for me to beat the band. She lets me come to the private dining-room now and then, and I can coax morsels from the table a whole lot more effectively than a lot of office-seekers can appeal for jobs. But I mustn't talk about these things, for fear I will be giving away some of the White House secrets.

I want you to know I would like mighty well to come to Boston, but if your show is all you would have me believe it to be, you ought to bring it to the National Capital. I will be pretty sure to see it in case you make such a dating. You see, my dear Tiger, it is pretty difficult for me to make trips. It isn't like it used to be, when I could go at my own sweet will. There is a lot to do, and you can well imagine how I share the responsibility.

I want to reciprocate your fine courtesy by wishing you a very long and triumphant run of our show. I have no doubt you will do a lot of good. If you can only have the realization that you are helping to establish a more kindly consideration of the animal life, of which we are a part, and you can impress your audiences with the beauty of the friendship of dogs for human associates who treat them becomingly, and instill in human lives some of the honesty and fidelity which characterizes the lives we dogs live, you will find a compensation in the good you have done which will surpass any other experience in your life.

Do come down to Washington. The White House yard is a large and ample playground. A dog can run to his heart's content. There are scores of squirrels which will appeal to your notice, but which are so alert that they unfailingly keep out of a dog's way. There isn't a cat here to play with. I do not think I am sorry thereat. There isn't much fun in pursuing and making war on some other quadruped as some of our forbears seem to think. It is really fine to dwell in tranquillity, and after I have my full measure of play, I like to feel that I can lie at the feet of those who trust and love me.

Yours, with a cordial wag, and a friendly sniff and a joyous greeting.

(Signed) LADDIE BOY
To "Tiger"
Care of The Plymouth Theatre
Boston, Massachusetts

"Cousin Abe" of the Lizard Glades

In the Making of a Senator

Hon. A. A. Lilly of West Virginia looming up on the political horizon as a possible candidate for the United State Senate

THREE never has been a time when the personnel of the United States Senate counted for more than in these days when world treaties and world affairs are the subject of everyday discussion. The old order of things has changed. There is a crying demand from the people for young men—for virility and strength—representing the people as direct as their election would indicate.

The next Senate will likely have problems to deal with that are of historic consequence. The Senate has become, because of being elected directly by the people, the originating body for a large proportion of legislation. These are the times when people are thinking of who will constitute the Senate of the sixty-ninth Congress.

Already the people in the various states have been casting about for their best senatorial timber. Pennsylvania has already responded, with George Wharton Pepper. From West Virginia comes to me the word of the Republicans that "this is our year for a strong fight for a strong man." The honors of the state have been rather unevenly divided because of circumstances that could not be controlled. The two senators and governor from the northern part of the state logically indicate that the next senator should come from the southern part, which is the Republican stronghold of the state.

This naturally directed attention to "Cousin" Abraham A. Lilly. He is known as "Cousin Abe." He is a distinctive "Lilly" because he has already, although scarcely past his fortieth year, a record of achievement. He is not an untried man in public services.

"Cousin Abe Lilly" was born in the "Lizard Glades" of Raleigh County. "Lizard Glades" was so named because it was the glades or swamps where lizards abounded. But the lizards had no terror for this boy of the mountains. The first impulse of his life was to have an education. He began his studies at the Owl River School in the red brush and chinquepin flats, and from there went right on to the mountain top in his ambition to have an education. He paid his way through the normal school at Athens by teaching school in Fayette and Mercer counties. They insisted that he was a good school teacher and wanted to keep him there, but he took law at the Southern Normal University of Tennessee at Huntingdon, Tennessee.

In his twenty-first year he found himself elected to the State Legislature, the youngest member that had ever been elected to that body, where he was known as the "baby of the House." He represented his native county of Raleigh, and the old friends and neighbors were mighty proud of their "Cousin Abe." At the state capitol of Charleston it did not require a prophet to see that "Cousin Abe" was still on his way to the mountain top. He served on the finance and judiciary committees, and the comment was made by the older wiseacres: "There's a level-headed young man with a future."

It was a natural and logical sequence of events that with his experience as prosecuting attorney of Raleigh County, which was some job, as he had to deal with the work of justice in the newly-developed coal county in West Virginia—now one of the largest coal counties in the state—that he should be chosen for a place on the state



ABRAHAM A. LILLY

Former Attorney-General of West Virginia, now the choice of the Republican cohorts of the southern section of the Old Dominion as a candidate for the Senate of the sixty-ninth Congress

ticket. He was nominated without opposition, and secured the largest vote of any one running on the state ticket in 1912.

Here he began another career, for as attorney-general he had charge of the most complicated litigation that either of the Virginias had ever had. It involved the settlement of the claims of the mother state, Virginia, against West Virginia, when the division was made during the Civil War. The interest and principal of the claim was twenty-one million dollars, but with the true spirit of a native of West Virginia, and with due reverence to Virginia, but with a sense of the justice and equity of the case, he began his great legal battle. It continued four years, involving incessant work and clear, cool-headed thinking. The case assumed national proportions. He succeeded John G. Carlisle, former Secretary of the Treasury, and John C. Spooner, former U. S. Senator and constitutional lawyer, as counsel for the state of West Virginia. It was one of the rare cases of original jurisdiction in the United States Supreme Court involving litigation between two sovereign states on a money demand. Mr. Lilly argued the case three times in the Supreme Court when Charles

Evans Hughes was on the bench. At the time it was a case that attracted more attention among lawyers because of the legal points involved than any other contemporaneous case. The late Senator J. B. Foraker of Ohio, himself one of the most eminent debaters on the floor of the Senate, remarked that young Lilly's argument before the Supreme Court was the best in the case.

It was another logical sequence that he should win the case, and the people of West Virginia can never fully realize the good fortune of having "Cousin Abe Lilly" as attorney-general at a time when his genius and ability was required. He responded ably to the call of his state.

In 1916 he made the race for governor—that troublesome year when we were to be kept out of war, and he only lacked a paltry three hundred votes of being elected. His friends never considered it a defeat, and even his opponents admitted that, whether the returns revealed it or not, "Cousin Abe" should have been governor of West Virginia.

The readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE will recall that in 1913 its editor made a tour of West Virginia, covering every county in the state, and writing about its resources and attractions. In fact, he feels like an adopted son because he was entertained in many a home in the mountains and in the thriving cities that dot the state. It was the only state at the time that was free and clear of debt. It had a citizenship that evidenced the virile strength and sturdy character of the Old Dominion, with just enough of the crossway of immigration to maintain a bit of the frontier spirit and enterprise of the West. The development of West Virginia in its natural resources surpasses that of any other state in the Union. It was the undiscovered country that had been overlooked in the sweeping tides of the West. It was the state in which George Washington surveyed towns and cities. While new in its development, about it clusters traditions reaching back to colonial times. Its people have been identified with all the struggles of the republic, from Revolutionary days until Armistice Day, November 11th. West Virginia was the "buffer and border" state which Abraham Lincoln said saved the Union. With such traditions, it is natural that its sovereign citizens should desire a representative of West Virginian calibre to the core.

Those who have followed the career of "Cousin Abe Lilly" know that he is, first of all, a mixer among the people. He speaks their language; he is a strong and virile talker on the stump—on real stumps, not varnished platforms. As senator he can go and tell them, face to face, what's going on in Washington and have something to report to them when giving an account of his stewardship—a real representative in the broadest sense of the word.

The broad experience of Mr. Lilly as a business man and executive of several large companies in the Kanawha Valley long ago made him a leader in development. His training and unusual experience as a lawyer fits him for the most extreme demands in senatorial work. In other words, he has an all-around experience, gathered through the "university of hard knocks," in which he has been given a degree by (Continued on page 477)

Austin, the capital of Texas

The Hub City of the Lone Star State

Distinctive Texas capital, quaint, historic and intellectual, the home of literary and political celebrities, cabinet officers and scholars

AUSTIN has never had to magnetize the commonplace. Always its appeal has been to the intellect—to one's sense of aesthetics. The basic fault of the average American city is its lack of distinction. Not so with Austin! It is distinctive, but its distinctiveness is unlike Rochester, Minnesota, with its famous clinic; unlike Battle Creek, with its health centers and cereal mills; Grand Rapids with its furniture factories; or Lindborg, Kansas, with the greatest choral society in America (a fact unknown to most of us); or East Aurora, with its craft shops; or Riverside, California, with its famous hotel. As these cities are distinctive by reason of some specialized commercial enterprise, Austin, Texas, is distinctive by reason of what might be called its satisfied respectability; its total indifference to the aspirations and achievements of other cities, and the absence of commercial jealousy or rivalry. Austin doesn't care a rap what other cities do, how many conventions they land, or how many factories they secure. Austin is an individual city; its civic and community assets and problems are peculiar to it, and Austin prefers to work out its destiny along individual lines.

If the fact that Shakespeare was born on Stratford-on-Avon is worth more to England than any financial or industrial enterprise of the whole Empire—both from a business and advertising standpoint—then it means more to Austin to be the social, literary, intellectual, political and residential Hub of Texas than it does to lead in bank clearings or live-stock receipts, because at best this is only an ephemeral greatness capable of being wrested from a city any time by its strongest or newest competitor, whereas spiritual and intellectual leadership are permanent. Let a city achieve distinction of some kind, if only in one respect. There is glory enough for all; and the fact that Austin has scenery almost as beautiful as Switzerland; that it has scenic drives unrivalled in this country; that it has a winter climate capable of making Austin a nationally-known winter resort; that it has mountain resorts, lakes and streams of bewitching beauty and enchantment; that it has color and atmosphere and "tone"; that it has more beautiful homes and more paved streets than any other city of its size in Texas; that the University diffuses a certain culture peculiar to capital and university cities; that Austin was the seat of government when Texas was a republic; that it has been the home of some of the world's greatest literary and political celebrities, including O. Henry and Colonel House; that three members of President Wilson's cabinet were Austin citizens, and all lived within a block of one another and all married Austin girls—are not these enough?

From the beginning Austin has been accustomed to famous people, and for one to "get the ear" of the natives he must be "some punkins." They have seen the great and the near-great come and go—governors, senators, cabinet officers, legislators, college professors and students, and to attract any attention at all one must be a "heavyweight." Austin has known intellectual giants in the governor's office, in the legislative chambers, at the bar and in the forum. The professional leaders of Austin rank high in their

By EVERETT LLOYD

respective professions; and one will note a tendency to genuine culture among the business men. They are more courteous, more respectful, better mannered and better informed than the business men of many other cities. They may not be interested in your proposition, but they will give you a respectful hearing. Through contact with University students, state officials and politicians, Austin business men get a smattering of everything. If you should make some casual reference to your favorite great men in the presence of an Austin man, he is likely to draw from his pocket a recent letter from Colonel House, adding that the Colonel always makes his office headquarters when in Austin. Any reference to literature will evoke the knowledge that you are talking to the room-mate and contemporary of O. Henry when he lived in Austin and worked as a soda-jerker or bank clerk. Austin keeps the memory of its great and near-great green and very much alive. Like Athens of Paul's day, Austin is able to worship the gods of its own household; but they are not "altogether too superstitious."

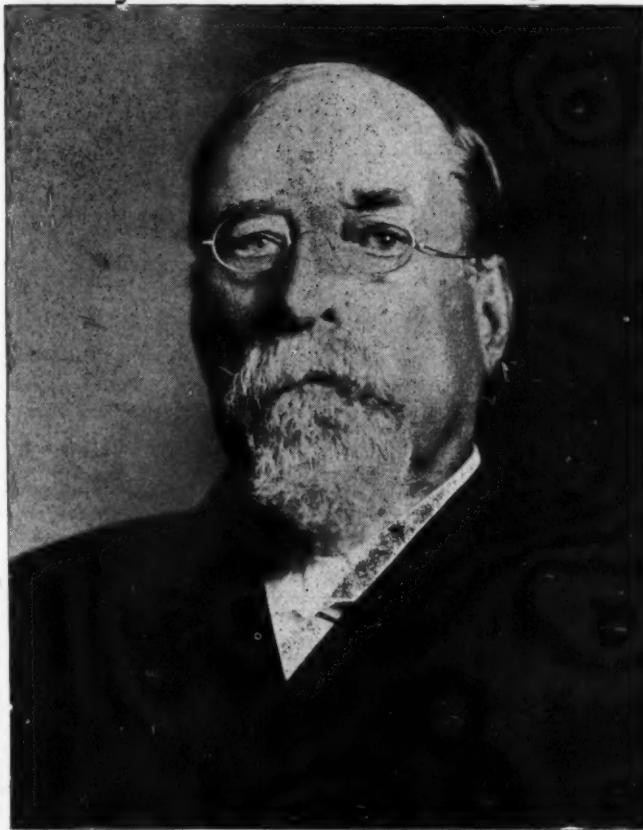
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Austin scorns imitation, and every man dares be original and be himself. From the time Vice-President Lamar of the republic of Texas first beheld the present site of Austin in 1839, and as he christened the future capital, exclaimed, "This should be the seat of future empire!" no one has ever accused Austin of imitating any other city or trying to wrest from another city any particular distinction. It is an original city and does things in its own way even in the matter of building its homes. While Austin is a city of magnificent and comfortable homes, there are no two houses in the town alike; and to copy the plans of a man's home and duplicate it in Austin would be a personal affront, sufficient provocation for a duel or a court injunction. And it is this dissimilarity that probably accounts for the apparent variety and seemingly large number of beautiful homes in Austin.

There is a free-masonry among the business men

of Austin. They do little proselyting, and the chances are that if you decide to locate in Austin you will do so of your own accord. It is not likely that any one will ask you to move there.

Should an Austin man take you for a trip over the town, he will pass up all the local factories, business enterprises and stores, and show you the Wren Library, the Country Club, the old French Embassy, the University, Governor Hogg's grave, or the house where O. Henry was married. Or you may be taken for a drive and shown Austin's beautifully paved streets—thanks to Fred Righter and the Southwest Bitulithic Company—or invited to dinner at the Maverick Cafe, which John Photos and Jim Gatourou have made into a "Little Capital." Here the statesmen, legislators, university professors, students, lobbyists, newspaper correspondents, and



THE LATE MAJOR GEORGE W. LITTLEFIELD

Millionaire cattle king and banker, who, though denied the advantages of a college education himself, enriched the University of Texas with benefactions totaling one million dollars, among them being the \$250,000 Wren Library, a Memorial Arch to the university to cost \$300,000, and a donation of \$40,000 to the Jefferson Davis Monument at the Davis homestead in Kentucky. He was the greatest individual benefactor the University of Texas has known and the most representative figure among his contemporaries of the early Texas cattle barons. At twenty he was a captain in the Confederate Army, where he soon rose to distinction. At his death he was one of the greatest empire builders and developers in the Southwest.



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HON. ALBERT SIDNEY BURLESON

One of Austin's nationally-known citizens, former assistant city attorney, member of Congress from the Ninth District of Texas, and Postmaster-General in the cabinet of President Wilson

tourists may be seen at their favorite tables; and state and national political gossip is served as *lagniappe*; or, if you care for art and pictures, you will be shown the art shop of the Jordan Company, conducted by Alfred Ellison and A. D. Boone, who has assembled the pictorial history of Austin and its environs in permanent form.

Instead of being served with the cut-and-dried oratory about bank clearings, exports, and imports, pay-rolls and building permits, all of which are invariably "the largest in the South," the newcomer to Austin will be told about the University of Texas and the number of distinguished graduates; then some of the hero-stuff of which Austin had a-plenty in its halcyon days. He will have pointed out to him the former homes of Colonel House, Attorney-General Gregory, Postmaster-General Burleson and Secretary Houston. He will be shown the monuments of Stephen F. Austin and Governor Hogg; the state Capital building that cost 3,000,000 acres of land; the old Land Office building where O. Henry worked. If he strolls through the capitol he will see the pictures of Sam Houston, Davy Crockett, James Bowie, Fannin and Ben Milam, and many other illustrious pioneers. If he is bookishly inclined he may browse among the rare volumes in the Wren Library, given to the University of Texas by Major Littlefield; but

state capitals and university towns do not amount to much in a business way. It is a stock complaint of those who judge a town by the volume of business they secure. They refer to state capitals as "sorry towns," overlooking the fact that a city can be great in other respects than commerce. I do not know what the per capita wealth of Austin is, but the total bank deposits will average high for a city of its size; but the number of men in Austin of independent wealth is probably greater than any other Texas city of anything like equal size. Then there is this difference also: the men with money in Austin appear to have all the money they want, and they are not working overtime to pile up fortunes. They have traveled, and most of them have been abroad many times; they have other interests and hobbies besides their business, and go in for recreation, musical, artistic and cultural pursuits during their spare time.

The charge that state capitals are invariably poor business towns is pure fiction, circulated by people who can see only the commercial side in life, and to prove that the charge is false one has only to cite Atlanta, Denver, Indianapolis, Hartford, and others, all great financial and business centers, but capital cities nevertheless. Whether a town is great or not sometimes depends on our viewpoint. Some people would prefer to live in Packington or Gary, Indiana,

or Oil City, Pennsylvania. Others prefer to dwell among the heights where living is a refined art and working only a side line. It is altogether a matter of temperament.

With the exception of man, there is no other subject about which more has been written than has been written about cities and towns, yet with all our wonderful and beautiful cities it is a notable fact that our literature does not contain one great epic or permanent story of a city—or any city. It all smacks of the Wahoo School of Writing—dry statistics, uninteresting data and exaggerated claims, when as a matter of fact, if city builders would only point out to the visitor and newcomer one significant fact about a town, one thing in which their particular town excelled, whether it be cheap fuel, climate, water power, scenery, altitude, soil, character of citizenship, pure water, cheap living conditions, or high wages, then that town would soon have a national reputation. There is no town in the world that does not excel every other town in some particular respect, sometimes in several; but every town excels in something. Find out what it is, then center on it, exploit and advertise it, so that when we think of the condition, product, or item for which a given town is noted we will automatically think of that town itself.

This fact explains in a measure the identity of Detroit. Mention Detroit and we unconsciously think of the industry for which it is noted and has been responsible for its success. Taking its cue from this, every city owes it to itself to discover its greatest local asset—regardless of what it is—then advertise the fact to the world; and within a short time we would think of a town in terms of the product for which it is noted. It matters little what the point of excellence is, whether it be climate, a manufactured product, or one produced by the soil, accentuate



CAPTAIN DAVID HARRELL

An intimate personal friend of Colonel E. M. House, and room-mate and contemporary of O. Henry, whose father, Jacob Harrell, was the original settler of what is now the city of Austin. The history of the Harrell family is interwoven with the history of Austin, and each succeeding generation is perpetuating the name in a manner altogether in keeping with the prestige and traditions of the family. Throughout the war Captain Harrell served as special assistant of the State Department in Europe; as a member of the War Trade Board in Spain, and as Live Stock Commissioner in South America.

this one fact to the exclusion of all others and blazon it forth to the world, and your town will be as well known as Rocky Ford, Colorado, as Milwaukee or Peoria; or, since the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, Mount Pleasant, Texas.

Which brings us to the salient facts with reference to Austin. With its many natural advantages, scenery, climate, mountain resorts and points of interest, Austin could develop the tourist industry to a point where it would be larger than any strictly commercial or industrial development the town might hope for. With the new \$600,000 hotel, scenic driveways to its mountain resorts, parks and camp sites for tourists, little remains to be done. Among the large number of visitors attracted to Austin by reason of the new hotel, there naturally would be some investors in various new enterprises; and others will come to make their homes on account of climate or educational opportunities. To find out some of the advantages accruing to a city as a winter resort, one has only to visit Florida and California during the winter months.

The tourist industry of the world is one of the largest, though a neglected industry in the United States. Europe discovered the value of it fifty years ago and reduced the fleecing business to a science. A few cities in the United States have become great tourist centers, and they are among the most prosperous and cosmopolitan. By nature man is a nomadic animal. He likes to travel and "see the country"; and the cities that go in for the tourist business in the future, that capitalize and exploit their resort attractions by building good hotels, highways, and scenic drives, by preserving their historical shrines and places of interest, will become the well-known cities of this country. With the completion of some of the great highways, the "See America First" idea will take the country by storm.

* * *

In the parlance of the newspaper profession "there is a great story in every town." Austin is one of the few cities in America that lends itself to a story of permanent value; for if it

can be said of any city that it possesses "personality," it can be said of Austin. Beginning with its establishment on the banks of the Colorado in 1839, during the days of the republic of Texas, when Jacob Harrell and Reuben Hornsby were the only citizens in the community; when Bullock's Tavern, Welsh's blacksmith shop, George Hancock's store, and Dutch John's bakery comprised the commercial life of the village, and continuing until the arrival of the Bremonds, the Nalles, the Littlefields, the Harrells, the Scarbroughs, the Tips and other pioneer families who transferred a trading post into a classic city which has produced more distinguished lawyers, statesmen, orators, and politicians than any other similar area in Texas, Austin has grown to be the aristocrat, the "gentleman and scholar" among Texas cities.

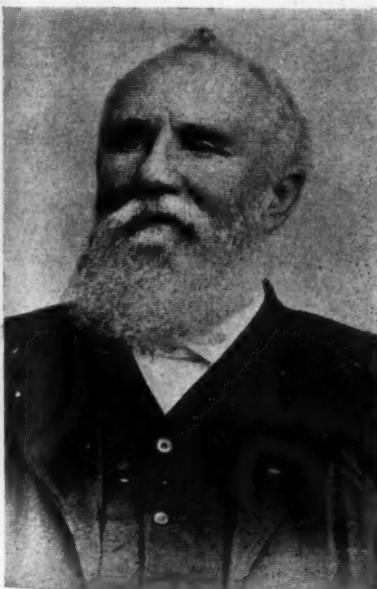
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Set in the midst of the most beautiful scenic surroundings, and peopled by the purest stock that ever emigrated westward from Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, the Carolinas and Georgia, Austin has always been a bit superior in customs and manners to its sister cities.

Pretermitted Austin's natural resources and advantages, its greatest asset is in the type of its citizenship—the descendants of the pioneers who established the town and those who have come after them. No city can boast any better; and there were no finer or abler men in all Texas history than these first settlers of Austin, the late Eugene Bremond, Walter Tips, Major Littlefield, Judge A. W. Terrell, the Harrells, the Wroes, the Richardsons, the Nalles, the Allens, Colonel Woolridge, the Grahams, the Scarbroughs, the Perrys, the Goeths, Judge Stedman, the Reid brothers, and others.

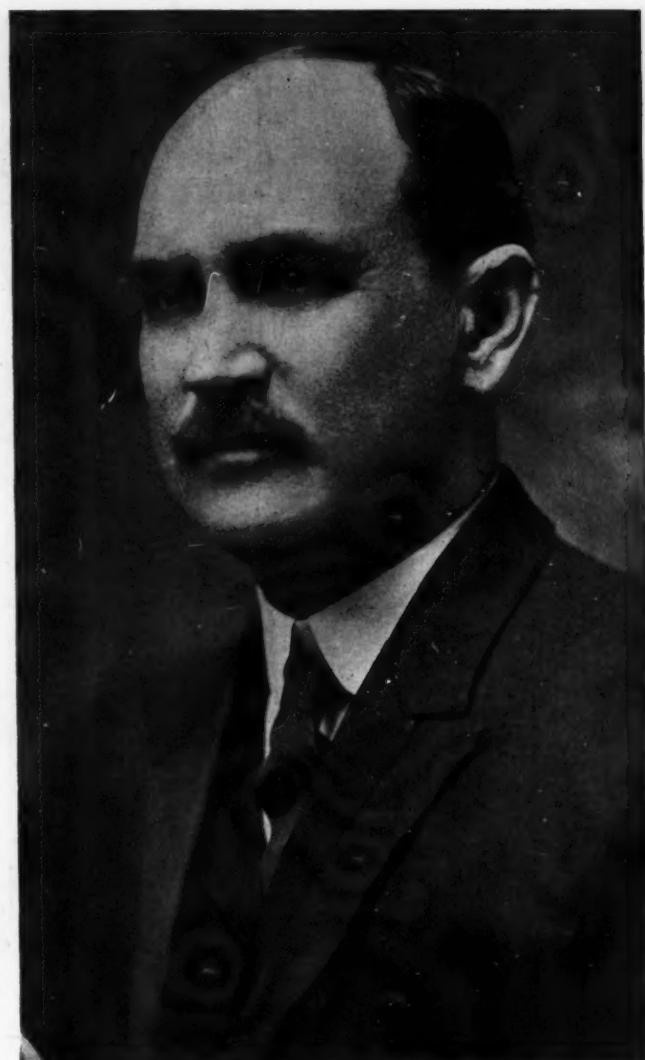
The history of the town is familiar to every Texan, especially to every Austinian. To them it has grown stale and there is no need of re-telling it here now. Austin people would not be interested because they have heard and read it so often; and the readers of the NATIONAL are more interested in the Austin of today and the Austin of the future than of Austin seventy-five years ago. In writing this sketch, I have had access to two of the most informative historical documents published on the early history of Austin—one by Mr. Lawrence Smoot, librarian of the Supreme Court, the other by Mrs. Pearl C. Jackson, well-known Austin writer, to whom I am indebted for much historical data which I would be tempted to include if space permitted. But I set out to deal with only two phases of Austin's status as a city, first its possibilities as a tourist city; second, interesting sidelights on some of the men and women who have made the town what it is. It is of these I would write.

Conspicuous among the real builders of Austin



THE LATE EUGENE BREMOND

Pioneer Austin banker and merchant, whose name is permanently linked with the culture and intellectual advancement of Austin. Throughout his life he was a bulwark of character and strength in his community, and the name has become synonymous with dependability and fairness. There is no fairer name connected with Texas history than that of Bremond



Copyright, Clinedit. HON. DAVID FRANKLIN HOUSTON

One-time resident of Austin, less well known to the general public as an educator of prominence and note than as Secretary of Agriculture from the beginning of the Wilson administration until his appointment to the Treasury portfolio in place of Carter Glass when the latter retired to become a Senator. In educational circles Mr. Houston is known for his administrative ability displayed as president of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, president of the University of Texas, and chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis

was the late Major George W. Littlefield, banker and philanthropist, who played the role of "Big brother" to the University of Texas by his benefactions, totaling a million dollars, among them being the Wren Library, one of the choicest collections of rare books and editions in the world.

What Major Littlefield gave to the University of Texas he gave unsolicited, and without any restrictions or conditions. He did not impose any obligations or requirements, but gave in the divine spirit of the true giver. He was a business man, a banker, a cattle king, with a vision as broad and liberal as the prairies he loved; and while there were others of his contemporaries of possibly greater wealth among the cattle barons of the Southwest, the distinction and honor of being the most liberal patron of education in Texas rightfully belongs to him.

Major Littlefield was largely a product of the prairie. He was of that period of early Texas history that wrought a half dozen of those rugged characters into finished implements of rank and power. Of that small group were Major Littlefield, Colonel C. C. Slaughter, Dan Waggoner,



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COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE

One of Austin's most widely-known citizens. An active force in state and national politics, but never a candidate for any office. A power behind the throne of the Wilson administration, and the one man whose counsel and advice was sought and accepted by President Wilson on matters of national and international moment

Captain Richard King and Captain Burk Burnett, the latter being the sole survivor; and the five building up the largest family fortunes in Texas.

Returning to his home at Gonzales, Texas, after the Civil War, Major Littlefield embarked in the cattle business and gradually developed the Yellow House Ranch of three hundred thousand acres. From time to time he purchased other ranch lands in Texas and New Mexico, and at one time was one of the largest individual land owners in the country. The town of Littlefield in West Texas was named for him and was formerly a part of his ranch. He removed to Austin in 1883 and in 1890 organized the American National Bank which has since grown to be a ten-million-dollar institution.

Closely associated with Major Littlefield as a banker and in various other enterprises the later part of his life was his nephew by marriage, W. A. Wroe. Mr. Wroe is a native Texan. He was born in Fayette county, but located in Austin as a young man and engaged in the saddle and harness manufacturing business. In 1898 he married Miss Pearl White of Gonzales, a niece of Major Littlefield's. He went with the American National Bank as vice-president, and was soon promoted to the presidency. It was largely through the efforts of Mr. Wroe that the cantonments were located in Austin, and he assisted in financing these projects to the extent

who probably more round the town out in many artistic ways and to make it a great musical center was the late Walter Tips.

As the founder of the wholesale hardware business bearing his name, Mr. Tips revealed himself a supreme business executive and a citizen of lofty aims. He was an accomplished musician, mastering the violin and cello with hardly any instruction. So thorough a lover of music was he that he was one of its most liberal patrons, and served as the head of several state musical organizations. As his business grew to where his personal attention was not required, he made frequent trips to Europe, where he heard many of the European masters. Such fine taste and talent for music did Mr. Tips possess, combined with keen appreciation, that he became as well known in musical circles as he was in business and financial affairs. He was a rare and notably useful citizen and in many respects Austin's most typical citizen.

Walter Tips built his business on character and fairness, and his business methods were such that it grew to large proportions. At his death the business was continued by his son, Eugene Tips, and Mr. A. C. Goeth, his son-in-law. The Walter Tips Company was incorporated in 1914 with Mr. Goeth as president, under whose able leadership and public-spirited endeavors along all social and community lines the company has

of \$800,000. He served as president of the Austin Chamber of Commerce for two years and is a director of the Dallas Joint Land Bank. He was appointed a delegate by the Texas Chamber of Commerce to represent Texas at the meeting of the International Chamber of Commerce in Paris in June of last year, but owing to his work in attempting to perfect a cotton marketing system that will be of profit to the farmers, could not go to Europe. On the death of Major Littlefield, Mr. Wroe was named as his successor on the Board of Regents of the University of Texas, and he has brought to his new duties the same unselfish and conspicuous ability that has marked all his other activities. He has taken up the work so magnanimously undertaken by Major Littlefield. No more desirable appointment could have been made by Governor Hobby. Naturally, after a long association with Major Littlefield, Mr. Wroe is thoroughly familiar with his plans and in perfect sympathy with the great benefactor's aims. Since his residence in Austin there have been few important civic, educational, industrial, or social movements inaugurated that Mr. Wroe was not called upon to direct; and particularly was this true during the war. The town looks to him for leadership, and as one of the official spokesmen of Austin. He is the town's biggest-visioned man of affairs.

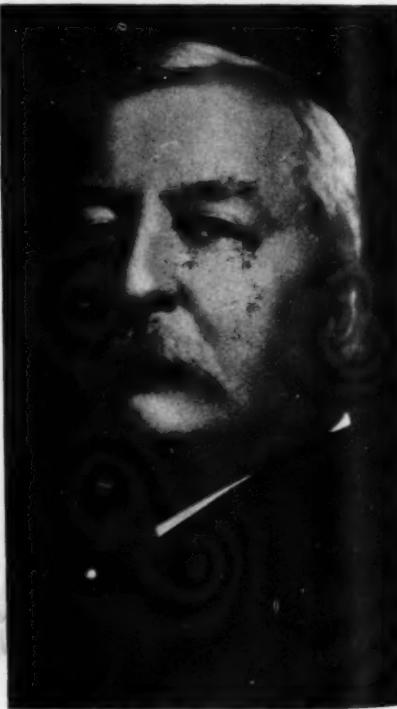
Another of Austin's outstanding men and one than any other helped to make it a great musical center was the late Walter Tips.

continued to grow and expand, and in a commercial way is one of Austin's greatest business assets.

From an industrial standpoint one of the largest Austin enterprises is Nalle & Company, wholesale lumber dealers and manufacturers of mantels, sash, doors, and other mill work. Founded by the late Joseph Nalle, this firm has had an uninterrupted and prosperous existence since 1871, and has grown into one of the largest institutions of its kind in Texas, and one that has become synonymous with the highest quality among the lumber fraternity. The greatest expansion and development of the business has taken place under the direction of Ernest Nalle, son of the founder and the present owner of the business, who has sent the Austin trade-mark round the world. For material used in the manufacturing of mantels, Nalle & Company have gone into the markets of every country on the globe and have been able to compete with foreign manufacturers by making superior products. Mantels made by Nalle & Company are to be found in hundreds of the most elaborate homes in Texas.

Ernest Nalle has taken the lead in the development of Austin real estate and built for Austin its finest amusement house and its most modern newspaper building.

Another Austin industrial enterprise of unusual promise is the Woodward Manufacturing Company, makers of commercial automobile bodies. This company has a capital of \$500,000, owned largely by the representative business and professional men of Austin, and by all odds the most modern and best equipped manufacturing plant in Texas. While specializing in automobile bodies, the Woodward Manufacturing Company will engage in the making of ambulances, busses and hearses, an entirely new business in Texas, but one offering large financial possibili-



THE LATE WALTER TIPS

Founder of the wholesale hardware firm bearing his name, and one of Austin's most unselfish and neighborly citizens. As a great business man, developer, lover and patron of music and art, state senator and member of the State Prison Board, he was one of the constructive leaders of his city and state, and the type of citizen that gave to Austin its distinctive air of culture

tics. At the head of the company is Colonel D. J. Woodward and Hon. Sam Sparks, formerly state treasurer and successful oil man. Colonel Woodward is one of the ablest business men in Texas. Other active officers are Arthur Baird, sales manager; L. A. Nichols, production manager; D. J. Woodward, Jr., secretary-treasurer, and S. Ferris.

For many years Austin has been looked upon with favor by the leading moving picture makers as an ideal location, in some respects superior to California; and a new distinction for the town is in sight with the success of the Austin Film Library, Inc., a new Austin enterprise. This corporation recently acquired the famous private film library of Colonel William H. Selig, one of the pioneers in the picture business, whose collection of educational films was selected from all parts of the world.

Austin has a theatre—"Hegman's Queen"—that would be a credit to any city, and the town is indebted to Jay Hegman for this beautiful playhouse. While Jay did not build it, he prevailed upon Major Littlefield to spend nearly a quarter of a million dollars for the building and equipment and furnishings, which include everything any modern theatre could have, including heating and cooling system, lighting system and pipe organ; and Jay Hegman is giving the people more than a run for their money in high-class educational amusement and pictures. Being a good Rotarian and a loyal Elk he conducts his business on the strictest ethical principles.

In Enfield, Austin has one residential district that stands out as a credit to the town.



Hegman's Queen Theatre, Austin's leading playhouse, owned and operated by Jay J. Hegman, one of the notable successes among the theatrical and amusement directors of Texas

Enfield was opened in 1916 by R. Niles and W. Murray Graham after they had made a close study of all the exclusive residential additions in this country and in Europe; and in passing it may be said to the credit of the Graham brothers that they have raised the real estate business to the dignity of a profession.

Their addition is modeled largely after the town of Bath, England, where terracing was first made an art in landscape improvement. Even in the matter of roads and driveways, the English idea has been carried out, "Enfield Road" and "Windsor Road" being two fine examples of typically English driveways.

There are more than sixty beautiful homes in Enfield, ranging in cost from \$4,500 to \$60,000, with many more under construction.

Austin has a department store that has done more to make Austin a shopping center than any other commercial enterprise.

The present firm of E. M. Scarbrough & Sons is a monument to the business genius and vision of the founder, Mr. E. M. Scarbrough, who did



Home of Murray Graham, Enfield Place, Austin, Texas, exclusive residential addition named in honor of the birthplace of Governor E. M. Pease, first Republican Governor of Texas. This addition has been developed by the Graham brothers and is modeled along the lines of Bath, England, and other famous residential districts. Many of Austin's most beautiful and artistic homes are located in Enfield

two notable things when it required nerve to do them. He built a modern office building in Austin and established a department store that would do credit to any city, and ranks with the best in the country. The growth of the Scarbrough store is one of the best arguments for Austin's future.

Mr. E. M. Scarbrough has been a merchant in Texas since 1874, when he started a store at Rockdale in partnership with H. P. Hale. In 1883 his partner died, and Mr. Scarbrough continued the business under the name of Scarbrough & Hicks. Leaving Mr. Hicks in charge of the Rockdale store, Mr. Scarbrough removed to Austin in 1891 and opened a new store which was known as Scarbrough & Hicks, and which con-

tinued until Mr. Hicks' death in 1912, when Mr. Scarbrough and his two sons, J. W. and Lemuel Scarbrough, purchased the entire business, and have continued it on a larger scale.

Though there has been a constantly rising increase in the costs of coke, lignite, and other products entering into the manufacture of artificial gas, the Austin Gas Light Company has been able to take care of the domestic and industrial needs of Austin and make such improvements in the service as conditions demanded. As a result of a "public be pleased" policy started by Manager A. T. Kries the Austin Gas Light Company has not had to run the gauntlet of public criticism for the reason that its service has at all times been responsive to local demands.



University Avenue, the entrance to the University of Texas campus and a street famous for its beauty

That this policy has been reciprocal is proved by the fact the company has 4,500 satisfied customers.

One of the "ear-marks" of a satisfied city is the absence of criticism of public utilities. Most utilities throughout the country are pressed for funds and their securities are at the lowest mark in the history of public service companies. Despite this, most of them have continued to make investments and improvements where it will require long years to receive adequate returns. But public utilities were never better managed than now, and it will be found that the local managers are keenly alive to any suggestions looking to the improvement of the service. "Cussing" the gas, light and telephone company at best is a habit and productive of no good



ELDRED McKINNON

Former president of the Texas Bankers' Association, and vice-president and cashier of the Citizens' State Bank of Austin, one of the fastest-growing banks in Texas. By profession Mr. McKinnon is a lawyer, but has been equally successful as a banker. He is favorably known among the banking fraternity of Texas and New York. Mr. McKinnon is active as a Chamber of Commerce worker and has visions of making Austin an ideal residential city

results. Every city and every public utility customer is indebted to the company at least to the extent of friendly co-operation.

Austin has never known a gas famine, and at no time in the history of Austin have the people been subjected to a gas shortage during the winter months.

I have a curiosity to see Austin ten years from now. While the town has been "knocked" for being quiet, dignified, cultured and self-satisfied, for assuming an air of superiority and indifference, I can see wonderful possibilities in certain logical directions for Austin's development.



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HON. THOMAS WATT GREGORY

Former assistant city attorney of Austin and prominent member of the Texas bar. Attorney-General of the United States in the cabinet of President Wilson, and now in private practice in New York



JAY HEGMAN

Owner of the Queen Theater, Austin, a good Rotarian and Elk

The next ten years will be marked by the greatest development in its history. During the intervening years modern hotels will be built, parks

will be created and scenic driveways built; a larger and greater State University will be developed and people of wealth and leisure will gravitate to Austin as a residential city. Tourists will come during the winter months and the town will become a thoroughly cosmopolitan city.

As Austin does not aspire to be a strictly commercial center or industrial city, its greatest hope lies in capitalizing its natural assets—the things which Vice-President Lamar saw when he beheld the site of the place for the first time—its matchless scenery and natural beauty. Though he was far from a real estate booster, Vice-President Lamar gave Austin a tip it could well afford to coin into a town slogan—"This should be the seat of future empire."

It must be remembered that Austin is pretty much what the people of Austin have made it—



W. A. WROE

President of the American National Bank of Austin, and Regent of the State University. Mr. Wroe might properly be called an "inspired business man"—the type of unselfish builder and financier who combines the practical with the spiritual and intellectual visions of life. A native Texan and long the confidential associate of the late Major George W. Littlefield, he is held in the highest esteem by the leading financiers of New York. One of the most conspicuous business successes in Texas, Mr. Wroe is also one of its most public-spirited citizens. He is identified with numerous corporations, but his future activities will center on the expansion and permanent upbuilding of the University of Texas into one of the greatest of American educational institutions

and that it is to their liking. With their money they could have made it into almost any kind of a town. It accurately reflects the temperament, the whims, the aristocracy and culture of the people.

Over the portals of no other city is there written less reverence for crass commercialism and a more inviting welcome to share the hospitality and independence of cultured people.

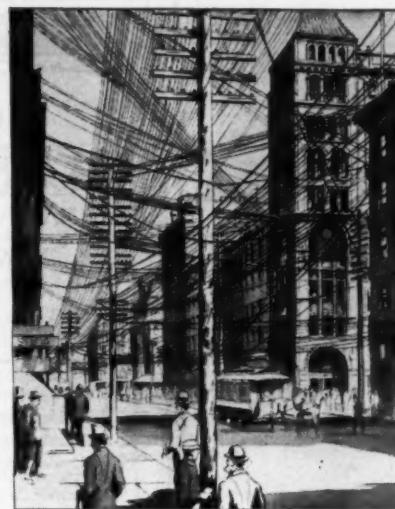
"ALL ABOUT HAWAII"

ALTHOUGH the Territory of Hawaii had a trade with the United States mainland last year which aggregated more than a quarter billion dollars, and in addition a direct foreign trade of nearly sixteen millions, a great lack of information about the Hawaiian Islands prevails throughout this country. Some people even do not know that the "Paradise of the Pacific" belongs to the Union and address inquiries about conditions there to the "American Consul!" Others—who apparently are without access to a terrestrial globe or an atlas, or a school geography, or even a western hemisphere wall map—have wild ideas about the location of Hawaii, as letters reaching Honolulu, which place that city in the Philippines, Java, or Fiji, often demonstrate. Tourist promotionists in Hawaii distribute a lot of literature broadcast, but it does not seem to reach the general public on the mainland to an adequate extent. Lately chambers of commerce throughout the states have been taking more than usual interest in Hawaii, but hitherto a satisfactory compendium of information regarding the natural attractions, the industry and commerce, the people and institutions of Hawaii, has for some years been wanting. Prior to the appearance of the book about to be mentioned, indeed, the only comprehensive works of that character in the past quarter century were two by the same author.

"All About Hawaii," by Daniel Logan, issued from the press of the Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd., Boston (price \$1.50 postpaid) has for its main object as the introductory chapter states, the providing of "answers to the questions most commonly asked about Hawaii by visitors on the ground and people abroad." It contains fifty-six pages and fifty-six beautiful photogravures, including a tinted cover design showing a stately coconut palm tree, with Diamond Head, the majestic landmark near Honolulu, in the background. Its illustrations, in fact, make it a handsome album of Hawaiian scenery and views which could not be bought in the original photographs for more than the price of the book.

Almost a third of the contents is general description. Sketched in terse but flowing style are the lure of the group as a whole, its climatic balminess, its scenic charm and grandeur, its strategic maritime position, its wonderful native people, its racial "melting pot" function, the Hawaii National Park, including the active volcanoes, the chief cities, recreation, and sport. In recognition of the centenary of the arrival of the first American missionaries celebrated last year, a short chapter is devoted to an account of that epoch-making event containing the names of the pioneers, the vanguard of whom sailed from Long Wharf, Boston, on October 23, 1819. The Prince of Wales, whose appreciation of Hawaii is quoted in the book, was an interested spectator of the centenary festivities.

Topographical descriptions of the five largest islands are given mainly from reports of the United States Geological Survey, the first time such have appeared in a book for the popular eye. In this division the dimensions of the principal volcanic craters, active and extinct, appear. A chapter on education contains the latest school statistics of Hawaii, with much other information on the subject. Facilities of travel, both between Hawaii and the outside world and internal, are detailed in brief but complete measure. A chapter of general information is packed with condensed data of business, industry, public revenues, municipal government, public utilities, shipping and population, the last-mentioned from the United States census of 1920. There is a history of immigration to the islands, which shows the origin of the polyglot inhabitants, excepting the thousands which casually straggled in. In conclusion, the official tables of Hawaiian commerce for 1920 are printed.



A scene on Broadway, New York, in 1890, showing the density of overhead wires



The same scene after the overhead wires were replaced by underground cables

Improvements

The history of the telephone is a record of constant improvement. Only by numerous inventions and ceaseless research for new and better ways has the present standard been reached.

Two-score years ago the telephone could hardly carry the human voice across a city. Now it carries it distinctly across this great continent. The once familiar network of overhead wires in large cities has been replaced by systems of underground cables, each cable containing thousands of slender, sensitive wires.

Switchboards, once primitive devices, called upon to handle only a few connections and limited in their workings, have now become great and precise

mechanisms through which the volume and complexity of telephone traffic is handled with mechanical perfection.

With the continued growth in the number of telephone users, there is a continued increase in the problems of speed, accuracy and speech transmission.

These are the problems forever before the scientists and engineers of the Bell System; and the solution of these problems, in advance of necessity, is the objective of this great body of specially trained experts.

The Bell System will continue the improvements necessary to maintain its standard of service, which is the best and cheapest telephone service in the world.



BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

Daniel Logan, author of "All About Hawaii," was engaged in newspaper editorial work in Honolulu for thirty-six years, a period that covered its transition from a straggling town run by the general government to a modern self-governing city, and that of the Hawaiian Islands from a monarchy, through a provisional government and a republic, to a Territory of the United States. He was a member of the first board of supervisors under Honolulu's city charter, also a member of the fourth board, in each term being chairman of the finance committee. Many of the most progressive ordinances of Honolulu were drafted by him, and some of the greatest public improvements—such as a pure milk supply, the budget system, paved streets, sidewalk extension, modern fire equipment, new electrical light plant, the purchasing agency, the first ambulance and the emergency hospital—were due either to his initiative or his backing as director of

finances. Mr Logan was born in Pictou, N. S., November 29, 1852, and, after a common school education, learned the printing business. Within eight years after starting as printer's devil he was editor and half-owner of a weekly newspaper, which, though published in a small village, drew the fire of city dailies, and two years later was editor and proprietor of the paper on which he had served his apprenticeship. Entering daily journalism in Montreal a few years later, he stayed there four years, and in 1884 removed to Honolulu.

Mr. Logan became an American citizen there on the first opportunity after Hawaii became a territory of the United States. In the island capital he held editorial positions on nearly every daily paper that existed there during his residence, the greater portion of the time as chief and sometimes as business manager and corporate director.

Arabian Nights Are Outdone by the Chemical Romance of Coal Tar Products

THE synthetic coal-tar chemical industry was born in England, reared in Germany, and will attain its full maturity in these United States of ours—if we are intelligent. But "if we are intelligent" is quite a large IF. For the present situation is a critical one, and has all the usual elements of the drama; there are plots and counterplots, connivings, economic necessities, technical difficulties, international complications and the surging motifs of patriotism, hatred, and passion.

The story of the treasures hidden in a lump of coal has often been told. We all know that coke, gas, ammonia and coal-tar are the primary products of coal distillation. The fascinating potentialities of the black, sticky mess called coal-tar are also generally known. From this source, the chemist has wrested the most delicate perfumes, the most exquisite flavors, all the colors of the rainbow, explosives, poison gases, tanning materials, resinous compounds like bakelite, solvents, rubber accelerators, photographic developers, paints, roofing materials, road binders, disinfectants, motor spirits, and drugs to soothe and heal the sick.

You may recall Edgar Allan Poe's "Thousand and Second Night," in which he has Scherherazada telling her lord and master a tale based on the realities of science rather than the creations of her imagination. If I remember correctly, Poe has the young lady put to death because the story she tells is regarded as too fanciful and utterly impossible to be believed. Imagine what the fate of this amiable young person would have been had she told the truth about coal-tar, espe-

cially as applied in the recent war. A soldier is gassed by poisonous gas prepared from coal-tar; the explosive which drove the shell was made from coal-tar; the disinfectant placed on his wound was made from coal-tar; the medicine which was administered to him to allay his sufferings was made from coal-tar; the operation was controlled throughout by the application of coal-tar chemicals, the local anesthetic was made from coal-tar, and the flow of blood was checked by a coal-tar synthetic. Truly coal-tar is the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of chemical substances.

Equally remarkable is the fact that chemistry in some form or other would have been omnipresent in this young soldier's life.

The water with which he cleansed himself was controlled by the chemists; the soap was made under the chemist's supervision; his clothing was manufactured and dyed under chemical control; his rations of food were determined by chemical means; the shell which burst was dependent in every step of its manufacture on chemical control; the gun from which it was fired, likewise. The ambulance in which he was transported to the hospital was driven by gasoline or motor spirits chemically prepared, on tires whose vulcanization was accelerated by coal-tar chemicals; the paper on which the report of the casualty was recorded was made under the chemist's supervision; the ink also, and the printed form used in reporting the casualty was made with chemical ink printed from chemical type by a printing-press, the metal parts of which were all chemically controlled.

The basis of all future progress would seem to be interwoven with the conquests and products of chemistry.

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

HOTEL MARSEILLES

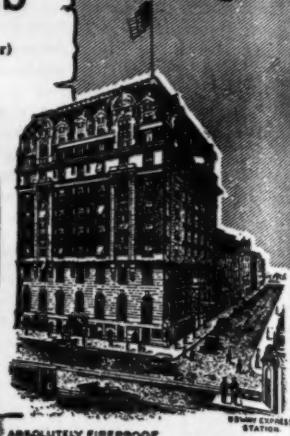
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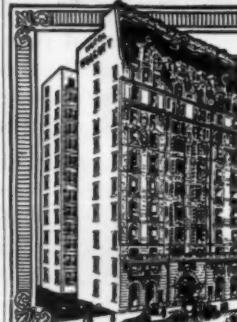
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SINCE 1889 we have built trunks of character, embodying many of the vital improvements which came out first in the Stallman.

During these years we have specialized in Wardrobes, Sample Trunks and Sample Cases.

Correspondence Invited

THE FRANK A. STALLMAN TRUNK CO.
Columbus, Ohio

Poetic Greetings from "National" Readers

LITTLE LADY MONTROSE

All rusty and battered and worn,
Decrepit of hinge and of lock,
The little old trunk that in grandma's sweet prime
Was sent her—a bride's gift, from York.

On the curve of its fur-encased lid,
In quaint English letters, I trace
The proud wedded name: "Lady Mary Montrose,"
And a vision of gentlest grace.

And daintiest lady-hold, steals
Before me. With reverent pride
I undo the hasp, and I finger the robes
Of this dear little Lancashire bride.

Here is linen, quite saffron in tint
And fine as if spun in the loom
Of a spider; and beautiful soft mechin frills,
And a cap wrought by old nuns at Rome.

A curious girdle, inwrought
With camel's hair, marked with the dent
Of jewels; that long since a young Spanish knight
To his love, a thrice great-grandma, sent.

A little silk cloak, and a shoe
High of instep and heel; aye, the small
Arched foot 'neath those buckles of silver, once tripped
Minutus in a baronial hall.

All yellow and crinkled with age
And creased into many a fold,
Is this wrapping of tissue, which opened, reveals
Two tresses, one chestnut—one gold.

But a far dearer amulet lurks
In the depths of this citron-seed bag;
Two roses—with love-knot, 'twixt ivy leaves pressed,
And a thistle from Ben Lomond's crag.

A face as piquant as a Hebe's
From this tablet of ivory glows;
Luminous, 'neath its halo of bridal veil mist,
And she wears on her breast a red rose.

And Robert? bold lad with the fire
Of a Montrose, cared not for his grand
Lineage half as much as that Lancashire's feud
With proud York bent to Love's reprimand!

Cornelia F. Whitney

MY WORLD

A ball of wondrous beauty
Created by an infinite mind
And flung far out into ethereal space
For my abode.

No famed studio wall
Holds paintings of such gorgeous tints
As are spread upon the sunset skies
For my beholding.

A melody of sweetest music
Comes to me from sea and pines
Played upon by winds attuned to soothe
My restless spirit.

A vast cathedral, whose dome
The firmament, lighted with stars for altar tapers,
Is filled with the incense of my grateful prayers.

My world! God's gift sublime!

Kate Downing Ghent

THE MOONLIGHT TRAIL

The moonlight trail, oh, that the trail of dreams:
The sunlit trail for labor, but the night
To follow stars, to bathe in silver beams,
Forgetting fact in visions to delight.
Day is too truthful, shows us life too well,
But night is shadowed vales and quiet trees;
Day has no secret that it will not tell,
But night is wonderment and mysteries.

The moonlight trail, oh, that the trail of rest,
The fairy trail unhurriedly we go
And take the cherished dream from out our breast
And, by moon magic, think that it is so.
For there is nothing then that cannot be,
And not a hurt we ever really knew;
Yea, in that hour it seems to you and me
That day's a lie, and only night is true.

The moonlight trail, oh, that the vision fair
Of that dear night to follow life's hard day,
When men shall know no more the curse of care
And walk at last some sweet imagined way.
So, if you doubt, and if your faith shall fail,
If day's bright sun can never make you smile,
Get out and walk upon the moonlight trail
And have your visions for a little while.

D. L. Goodwillie.

THE GIFTS OF THE NEW YEAR

Welcome, thrice welcome, glad New Year
Thy praises we joyfully sing;
Thou fillest our hearts with thy glad cheer—
Come, show us the gifts thou dost bring!

Ah, here are two wonderful birthdays
Of statesmen we deeply revere:
Great Lincoln, of marvelous courage,
And Washington, whom all hold dear.

See, here comes a gay little Cupid,
Saint Valentine, searching for hearts.
Beyond him, March hare, the stupid,
Comes shooting his cold, piercing darts.

We don't mind the mild April showers
While carols of Easter we sing;
Then May comes with beautiful flowers,
And Memorial Day memories doth bring.

Fair June is a month filled with pleasure;
Sweet graduates and brides it doth woo.
July brings us joys without measure,
The Fourth and Vacation Days, too.

Then Summer, the glorious play time,
With sports upon water and land—
We picnic and play, such a gay time;
The frolics of summer are grand.

In Autumn comes Harvest, then later
Thanksgiving, when all feast with zest;
But the day that the children think greater
Is Christmas—they love it the best.

So welcome, thrice welcome, glad New Year!
Thy praises we ever will sing.
We love thy rich promise and cheer,
We love the good gifts thou dost bring.

We will try thy example to follow,
And bring cheer where'er we may go;
With smiles and kind deeds for all, oh
This year will be happy, I know.

—Aunt Lillian

WORK

It stirs the pulses, thrills the soul,
And makes life's game worth trying;
What though you do not reach the goal,
You have the joy of trying.

What though the muscles tire and ache,
There's sweeter rest in resting;
Nor can an idle one partake
Of the wine of strenuous wrestling.

Who labors long and patiently
For something worth attaining,
To richer treasures finds the key
Than that which he is gaining.

Be sure the goal is worth the strain
Before the race beginning;
Then give yourself, your might and main,
And you'll be sure of winning.

Laura M. Gregg

THE DOUBLE SEA

I love the roar of riot seas, the boom
Of dark, green, crackling waves that hurtle high,
And lash the beach. The waters rage, and vie
With thunder in their din. They whirl their spume
Across the shoals, recoil, and hiss like snakes.
To tired lungs, and men whose souls are sore,
A brackish tang of bitter spray is more
Than tonic that an anxious patient takes.

But more than that, I love a dulcet calm,
The halcyon peace of untroubled sleeping storms,
The hushed solemnity of dormant power that warms
The heart to kindness is a healing balm,
More helpful than the bitter taste of sea,
A symbol, yes, a vision of eternity.

—Fowler Hill

LOVE SONG OF FLOWERS IN A BLUE GARDEN

Beautiful brown eyes, looking into blue—
Do you see forget-me-nots, blooming blue, for you?
Do you hear the bluebells, ringing their acclaim—
Do you hear the larkspurs, singing their refrain?
Do you smell the Iris, so pale and sweet—
Blooming only for brown eyes to greet?
Look down deeply, brown eyes, brown eyes rich and rare,
For in my blue eyes will be your eyes
Clearly mirrored there;
For in my blue eyes will be only your eyes,
Always mirrored there.

Stacy Calef

THE ABODE OF MAN

In the depths of the great ethereal Ocean floats the little Island
of Time,
A remnant of the wrecks of ages,
A fragment of expiring worlds,

An atom of the parent sun,
The solemn abode of man.
Here, through all the ages gone, the sun has held its everlasting
sway;

Day and night, spectre like, have walked their unending
rounds;
The seasons have glided on in their ceaseless march;
The moon has held the tides at bay;
And over all the eternal stars their silent watch have kept.

In the depths of human consciousness dwelleth the spirit of
Man,

A spark from the Infinite,
A flash of light between two eternities,
A moment of realization,
The home of the soul of Man.

Here, through all the years that have gone,
Reason has flashed its fitful messages of hope and despair;
Love has pursued its unending quest for evidences of immor-
tality;

The imagination has beaten its pinions against the limitations
of time and space;
The swift-winged messengers of thought have come and gone;
Memory has wandered among the ever-vanishing shadows of
the past;

Intuition and instinct have exercised themselves within the
confines of their prison walls;

While through it all and over it all blind faith through Divine
revelation alone has kept its eternal vigil,

Waiting for the promised dawn.

Burton E. Sweet

A WOOD VIOLET

Wearied was I seeking good,
Baffled were my heart's researches,
When I found you in the wood,
Hidden by the speckled birches.

Fragile flower and all alone,
I could then have culled and kissed you;
Sister flowers would ne'er have known
Wood and world would ne'er have missed you.

Choice were mine as there I stood,
Choice to leave you as I met you,
Or to take you from your wood,
Lover-like, and then forgot you.

Had I plucked you then and tried
Thus to hold you, flower affrighted,
Soon your petals would have died,
Even by my fondness blighted.

So I chose the wiser part,
Chose to leave you where I found you;
But you followed in my heart,
With your wood and world around you.

Edward Francis Burns

LINCOLN

I've traced around his homely features,
(They say they're true to life).

And from his face there seems to reach us
His power to meet all strife.

That life was lived before my day
Did fate, too, take that life away,
Before the good that he had done
Could reach those who yet unborn
Might wish they, too, could have seen his face,
Realized his love and learned his grace?

No; of all the legacies to mankind,
Few alone do greater shine,
For Lincoln freed that priceless clay
That starts the soul toward eternity.

Dick Halladay

THE AIRMAN'S SONG

In turquoise sky all streaked with gold—set in diamond stars,
With Milky Way for Lovers Lane (where Venus flirts with
Mars)

I would there was a Paradise alone for you and I,
Where we twain might be eternally and forever fly.

We'd glide out past Orion: we'd bid Neptune greet o' day—
And airily wave at Saturn and speed it on its way.
And then we'd loop about the Sun and see what makes it shine
To light the shadows on the Moon with paling light sublime.

We'd cruise among the Pleiades and all its little mates,
To see if there among them all we'd find the Star o' Fates.
And from it get our own permit to sail to Star o' Dreams,
Where in a vaulted arc of glory the rainbow ever beams!

James McLeod

Closing Hours of the Conference

Continued from page 444

for the many ships of state now sailing the ocean of Time.

Alone in the White House, the soul of that great humanist, Warren G. Harding, worthy son of a worthy mother, whose heart inspired this call to Peace, rejoiced to know that his faith in his fellow-men had proved itself the inspiration of one of Time's greatest events.

The final session opened prosaically and quite businesslike. Chairman Hughes, with the familiar phrase, "The reading of the minutes of the previous meeting will be suspended," started the concluding act in the Drama of Congress.

But there was a thrill when he announced that the Shantung treaty had been signed on Saturday.

The meeting was without glow of oratory. The final roll call was announced, and the auditors looked upon a notable procession as the representatives of nine nations marched, in alphabetical order, to sign the treaties, which were daintily adorned with ribbons and seals.

With stately tread, Chairman Hughes, Secretary Lodge, Senator Root and Senator Underwood marched around the right into the center of the hollow square formed by the "peace table" to complete the pledge of America.

In less than three minutes the plans became facts.

The two delegates from Belgium followed, and the flashlight photographic barrage was set. When the British Empire was called, there was a rustle and an outburst of cheers as the five delegates, led by the tall form of Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, in a long Prince Albert coat, headed the line. Then followed Lord Lee of Fareham, Sastri of India, in his turban, Sir Auckland Geddes, Borden of Canada, Pearce of Australia, and Salmon of New Zealand. They put on their glasses and proceeded to swing the pen, now "mightier than the sword." When they returned to their seats, they divided to the right and left, like ushers—offertory fashion—when the contributions are to be taken.

The battery of movie cameras again opened fire amid a sputter of arc lights, as Dr. Wellington Koo, Dr. Sze and Dr. Wang, wreathed in smiles, affixed names, in English, and added Chinese characters.

Minister of Foreign Affairs, Sarrant, and Ambassador Jusserand, the only two delegates from France, were lustily cheered, as they advanced to the signatory shrine. Three vacant chairs in that delegation recalled the presence of Briand and Viviani, and the memorable days of the opening sessions.

Senator Schanzer and Ambassador Ricci of Italy, followed by Kornbeek of the Netherlands, kept the signatory procession moving, amid the hush.

Across the velvet carpets Admiral Kato led the Japanese delegation, with a smile lighting his face, reflected in the countenance of his colleague from the Netherlands. The cameras flared for another picture, while the movie men kept their machine guns in action.

Finally came Count Alte and his associate, of Portugal, with signatures that marked the finale.

The President of the United States entered as simply as he had appeared at the opening session. There were no trumpets. The ink was scarcely dry when he began his address. He beamed with happiness and hopefulness as he thanked everyone, inadvertently overlooking China in first calling the list, but reverting to China with a gracious bow. The faces of the delegates glowed with confidence, faith and affection for the man.

In a box overhead the First Lady of the Land and one of her predecessors, Mrs. Taft, looked

down upon the scene, suffused with simplicity and wholesomeness, marking an understanding between nations never before paralleled in history.

The nine flags overhead seemed to flutter a blessing as the delegates gathered for a farewell. The clock in that hour had ticked off a great moment, a consummation that seemed like a consecration. Rev. John S. Abernethy, the President's pastor, who opened the Conference prayer on November 12th, offered a benediction, asking divine blessing on the work of the Conference.

After the rustle and stir following the prayer, Chairman Hughes' voice rang out with six significant words:

"The Conference is adjourned *sine die*."

The crowd refused to adjourn. It lingered. More pictures were taken and autographs exchanged with the zest and happiness of school girls leaving for a vacation. The high noon of a notable day in history had passed.

From the fragmentary accounts of the Conference and the discussions, pro and con, the people are awakening to a realization of the great achievements of the Conference.

The rumbles of threatened war in the East have passed.

The doors of co-operation and co-ordination among all nations of the earth have been flung wide open in an exchange of amity and understanding that will stabilize exchange for expanding markets and production, marking a new era of industrial, business and social relations for the peoples of the earth.

The language of lies will be scrapped in trade relations, together with battleships of the old-time diplomacy.

The holiday of Peace has begun, that will endure as long as honesty and understanding prevail in all relations between the nations of the world.

Status of the New Shipping Board

Continued from page 446

of the Jones Act may be fulfilled and the good ships of the war-built fleet be transferred on fair terms to the permanent control of private capital and enterprise.

If a thousand factories had been left on the hands of the government after the war, or ten thousand farms, the very first step the government would take would be to assure protection and prosperity so far as that could be done to manufacturing and agriculture, so that these factories and farms could be disposed of. Ocean shipping for many years has been the one unprotected industry in the United States. It has been the one free trade experiment of the American people—and the results have been staggering indeed. President Harding and his Administration propose to put an end to this experiment, which has cost the country by and large more than a few billion dollars, and to bring shipowners and seamen within the circle of protected industries.

Only as this is done can any of the government-built ships be sold. If our overseas shipping trade is not properly aided and protected, these government-owned ships must remain indefinitely on the hands of the government, which even now is losing far more money in attempting to operate them than the entire cost of any reasonable subsidy that might be required for these ships in expert private hands. That a subsidy is going to save many millions of dollars of public funds is a fact perfectly well known to shipping men, and about to be demonstrated to all of the American people.

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"But the greatest of these is Charity"

Continued from page 464

according to Abraham Shohan, refugee director in Poland, is one hundred thousand suits of clothes for men and the same number for women; one hundred thousand overcoats, one hundred thousand pairs of shoes, one hundred thousand suits and dresses for children. But men and boys especially need clothes so they may be in decent trim to seek work. Work is not lacking over there, and the Jews are eager to be self-maintaining. Even the young, hungry and undersized though they are, want to learn how to work, and this desire the Joint Distribution Committee is endeavoring to meet by establishing trade schools in Poland.

These trade schools are an important part of the rehabilitation program that will take a good slice of the \$14,000,000. Even more important is the extension of the system of credits by which artisans and small farmers and shop-keepers who are helpless because of the destruction of their tools or their shops, can re-establish themselves as self-supporting, self-respecting citizens. There are a thousand things to be done, but first and last, above and through everything, the children are to be saved. That is classed as relief work, for, after all, it is the very heart and core of rehabilitation, since, without the children, the race could hardly go on.

Abraham A. Lilly

Continued from page 466

the people, who, at various times, have manifested their confidence and faith in him in a most unusual way. It is unusual for a man to possess so many loyal friends among all classes of people. He has dug coal and knows the mining business from "the ground up." He knows what it means to earn a living on a farm in the mountains of West Virginia; he knows the struggles and the opportunities of the youth of his state, as he has taught them, worked with them, and knows how to mix with them, always possessing the human touch with human sympathies.

It is not to be wondered at that the home folks should already be considering him as the most valuable and logical candidate under all the circumstances at the present time. He is known as "A. A.," but he has an AA-1 rating among the people because he has made good on what he has started out to do, and seems to have kept in mind that the greatest thing in public life is to be able to show to his constituents something concretely accomplished and elicit their advice and help in whatever he does.

It so happened that on a sleeping car at eleven o'clock I chanced to meet General Lilly and renew the acquaintance of earlier years. You know there's something in the reminiscent glow of having known or heard about people for years past that ripens naturally into the feeling of old friendship, although you may have met but a few times in the years that have elapsed. Naturally, the wayfaring and traveling editor of the NATIONAL, like anyone else, would feel an interest in knowing that an old friend has been talked of or suggested for promotion in his life work. And while at that time he was not an avowed candidate, it just seemed logical and inevitable that the people of his state should call him from his busy activities in the law and business world to once more take up the responsibilities of public service at a time when every state and nation demands, as never before, men of strong fibre and constructive genius in the deliberate councils of the country.

From rugged pioneer mountain stock, inured to the privations of farm life and physical toil, who is more able, from the virile manhood of the Little Mountain State to help uphold the policies of Warren G. Harding, than the namesake of Abe Lincoln, "Cousin Abe"—"A.A.-1" Lilly?

"Age Cannot Wither Her, Nor Custom Stale Her Infinite Variety"

LA BELLE, *la gracieuse, l'incomparable* Calvé received me in her suite at the Copley Plaza on Christmas Eve. When entering the presence of the great diva one feels immediately the magnetism of her personality, and from the sparkle of her eyes one recognizes the spirit that has created "Carmen" and forever enshrined her in the hearts of the world's public.

Mme. Calvé, who is a woman a bit above medium height, was gowned in a flowing robe of brown and darker brown broad striped silk, with her raven hair coiffed a bit a la Carmen, and adorned by a large Spanish comb.

She spoke easily and entertainingly in her low musical French, skimming over a life replete with triumphs, joys, and even sorrows (as every great life must be); told of her debut in grand opera at eighteen, her fight for recognition, her many intimate friendships with great people, some of whom were from the musical world, as Mascagni, de Bussy and particularly the late Saint Saëns, whom she greatly admired. A great part of the twenty-five best years of her life have been given to the American public, during which she has repeatedly responded to the ever-recurring call for "Carmen." Mme. Calvé declared she liked to sing "Ophelia," "Delilah," and many other roles equally as well as "Carmen." She liked one for its dramatic action, another for its "entrain" and vivacity, another because it best suited her voice, etc., and she even declined to choose a favorite aria and declared that her favorite was invariably the one she sang last. She "loved them all." Strangely enough, Madame started her career with a coloratura soprano voice which shortly matured into a rich contralto.

I had often heard of her beautiful villa in Southern France between the Pyrenees and the Alps, of the great love and admiration in which she is held by the peasants and country folk in the district, her many "concerts de Charites" and benevolent acts, but when I told her how often she is thought to be a Spaniard she cried out: "Non, that is not so! I am French, and very proud of my country."

On asking Mme. Calvé if in doing her bit in the war, any particular experience was uppermost in her mind, she replied, "Yes, I sang one evening to a vast audience of one hundred thousand people, and when I sang the 'Marseilles,' they arose as one and sang it with me. It was one of the grand moments of my life."

"And can you tell me the greatest triumph of your life?" I asked.

"Yes," she returned quickly, "it was one evening when I sang at the Great La Scala Opera House in Milan. Three years before, shortly after my debut, I had sung there in bad voice, before I had been sufficiently trained, and was hissed off the stage. I returned to my hotel that night discouraged, broken, *écrasé*, and resolved to give up my career. Whatever life had meant for me, it had not meant me to become a singer. But art triumphed—and three years later I returned to Milan and made my way to the Opera House that evening, not without misgivings. After the opening aria all doubts were vanquished and I was greeted with a veritable storm of applause. I had won the confidence and love of my public at last. *J'ai triomphé.*"

MARGUERITE HARPER

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Jim Henry's Page

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and
afterwards-
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for Men
-it doesn't
show



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I suppose there is a great psychological or philosophical truth concealed in the above fact, but I am chiefly concerned with the problem of brightening the sunset trail of my old friends by blasting them loose from their addiction to hard soap.

It's a terrible thought, but I wonder if we all reach an age when the intake valve of the old idea reservoir gets all rusted and refuses to open any more.

Anyway, it's not a tendency to be encouraged. Every man ought to take out his habits and prejudices now and then and dust them off and scrutinize them to see if they measure up to the standards of youth.

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(Mennen Salesman)

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